TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Hon. G. W. Ross' speech in defence of Frenchifying the primary schools of Ontario was a very able and eloquent effort. Hon. G. W. Ross is always able and often eloquent, but in this particular speech he outshone himself. In fact he proved that English people have no business in Canada anyhow:

"These French people, sir," he said, according to the *Globe's* report, "the teaching of whose tongue we hear so roundly condemned, were here upon this Continent before we Anglo-Saxons. They had taken possession of this country because of their progressive and adventurous spirit. Their courage and their bravery had practically subdued it. They had coursed our rivers and lakes before ever we had gazed upon them. They established schools in Canada 250 years ago, generations before the haughty and imperial Anglo-Saxon had seen the shadow of this land of ours. Shall we, sir, who have taken from that powerful and mighty people the land which they had conquered by their industry and subdued by their courage, shall we say they are an alien race simply because, by the accident of the power of British arms on the Heights of Abraham in 1759, the country has become ours?"

It strikes me that Mr. Ross proved a little too much. If this sort of reasoning is good the French and English are both argued out of court and the civilization of the Indian should dominate and medicine men should teach us religion.

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Mr. Ross told us also that those who forced King John to sign the Magna Charta spoke French—not English. Moses spoke in Hebrew and Christ and His Apostles did not teach in English, but does this prove that English is not the language for our primary schools?

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If the Minister of Education is right and the British race has no business to be here or avail themselves of the "accident" of war, we should move out; if he is wrong he and those who are building up French Canada at the expense of English Ontario should be made to get out. It is bad enough to have to listen to the absurd pretensions of Quebec Nationalists, as they crow and posture on their own province, without hearing Ontario politicians upholding the *habitant* as the rightful owner of the soil and the victim of an "accident." Truckling to the French Canadian vote could go no further; Monsieur G. W. Ross should be in Mercier's Cabinet; a man holding such views is not the right person to control Ontario's schools. Our primary schools should not only be English speaking but English *feeling;* it is there that Ontario's children should acquire the patriotism which is to preserve Canada from becoming the hot-bed of political thie very, the stamping ground of toe-kissing demagogues and the demesne of sectarian tyranny. It is in our primary schools that our children should learn to be loyal to the Empire, and to love its glorious history, and it is not our Minister of Education who should tell us that we are nothing but squatters on French Canadian lands, and camp followers eating the fruits of French enterprise. True that Canada was first visited by a Frenchman, but America was discovered by an Italian, and if one is a reason for teaching French, the other proves that Italian should have first place.

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The whole speech was a bid for votes—not merely in Ontario, for—to quote Mr. Ross' words, it is only "an insignificant—no, I will not say insignificant, for it is a glorious country—" it is a part of the Liberal policy in Dominion affairs and what else could we expect when the party is led by a French Canadian. The whole Grit party has been Frenchified; to gain power in Quebec they abandoned everything by which they had been previously known, except their greed for office, and in Ontario they have evidently decided to throw their whole weight in favor of Ultramontanism, Jesuitism and French domination in order to boost their starving comrades into power at Ottawa. They won't win! Civilization as exemplified by the Anglo-Saxon race, the progress of the century, the history of the past, the decision of the great God of Battles are all against them. From the time of Bigot the corruptionist and robber, up through the French Canadian administrations which have so ably imitated his example, there has been no time better than the present for calling the roll and finding out whether the Anglo-Saxons or the Frenchmen are to mark out the future of this country. There is no better question on which to have a vote. If we are in the minority let us accept French as the language of Canada, hoist the tri-color and make a present of Ontario to the Jesuits. Let us have one flag, one language, and one patriotism, even if we have to begin all over again and be reconstructed on the Quebec plan and learn at the feet of the Hon. Monsieur Ross, *le Ministre de l'Education.*

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But why beat about the bush? What are we here for? Why did Wolfe take the trouble to fight with Montcalm? Was it not to conquer Canada? Was it not to make the Anglo-Saxon supreme? The British troops fought in vain, Wolfe died in vain if we are to yield to-day and abandon the fruits of that victory. It is pretty enough to prate about magnanimity; what is there for us in the so-called generous treatment of the French Canadian element—nothing but the privilege of footing their bills enduring their aggression and having them call us names and make faces at us. Who is to boss the job if it is not those who won the fight?

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There is nothing to be gained by mincing matters. Every successful business man must have a scheme, every corporation a directing head and a definite policy; every country must have a fixed aim, a well-declared patriotism, and an accepted rule by which all citizens are to be judged. Canada *must* have it! Who is to dictate this policy, the conquered or the conqueror? The minority or the majority? It is not magnanimity; it is not justice which delays the answer. It is politics, lust for office, the greed of salary, the hope or the possession of power. Why hocus-pocus about Separate Schools? There should be none. What is good enough for one child is good enough for another. If sectarianism cannot be maintained without isolating children, let sectarianism and every other ism which suffers by contact with free institutions, go, and good riddance to it. If it is God's will that the Roman Catholic Church be as great in the future as in the past, it will be so; if otherwise, who shall say the ends of Providence have been defeated by one law for all, one school for all, equality for all, privileges for none?

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If the great God above us intended the world to be run on the basis of giving up good—recognized and liberty-blessed good—rather than maintain it at every cost, why have there been battles, why have there been martyrs? Who is it shouts for French rights in the Ontario Assembly? Is it not those who but a little while ago screamed against Quebec, and shrieked at the thought of yielding the people's power into the hands of the Bleus? Bah! I say there is no good whipping a man and then taking him into partnership. If there is any body of men in this country, particularly in this province, who have a right to say, "Go, and he goeth, come, and he cometh," it is those who said it on the plains of Abraham, and there will have to be another fight before the verdict is changed.

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Who are they who cry "Peace, peace, and there is no peace?" They are those who are afraid to face the legitimate outcome of the fight. The language should follow the flag; and if some wobble-jointed politicians had not given up what had been fought for, there would have been no French language in Canada, and no Parti National to hold the dagger to the throat of Canadian Governments.

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Hon. C. F. Fraser made a characteristic speech on this question. He taunted the Opposition with having sat quietly while the schools in Prescott and Russell were being Frenchified so long as those constituencies were represented in the Legislature by Conservatives. No doubt this weapon inflicts a deep wound, but it is a taunt, not an argument. Mr. Fraser's whole speech centered on the point that French in Canada is *not* a foreign language. This in fact is true as it is decreed that the journals in the Dominion Parliament shall be kept in two languages, French and English, that the statutes and laws of the country shall be printed in both languages, and that either language shall be legal in the courts constituted under the B. N. A. act. But French is a foreign language in *Ontario*, and must remain so.

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As the apologists of French schools seek to defend themselves by quoting the great mistake made by the framers of our constitution, it becomes still more evident that that constitution will have to be changed. We can never become a nation if we continue a dual language. We have no future unless some unit is agreed upon. Unfortunately, when a Conservative rises to speak, the record of his party is thrown in his face at every turn. When a Grit has anything to say, a fragment from the history of his faction is sure to be thrown at him, but there will come a time in the history of this movement when party records will have to be abandoned and the people will demand a distinct policy with regard to the French question, and when that time comes all other questions and "records" of all sorts will be forgotten. It will be a fortunate day for Canada when "you're another" ceases to do duty as a defence against the charge of disloyalty to our race, to our civilization and our future.

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I feel like writing this way because the Opposition in the Legislature were so half-hearted, so thoroughly scared in the debate on the French school question. No one had nerve enough to take the broad and only tenable ground that English speaking people are supreme in this province at least, and do not propose to abdicate in favor of Jean Baptiste. Messieurs Ross and Fraser tried to prove that we have no business here, that the French language has as much right to be taught in our schools as English. Two trains admittedly cannot pass on the same track, one must have the right of way; the French and English races in Canada are about meeting, and unless one or the other is willing to be side-tracked there will soon be a collision. The Quebec Nationalists boast that they won't take second place; this week's debate in our legislature indicates that the Anglo-Saxon is willing to stand on the siding and let the Frenchman pass. It makes me tired; I'd rather be in the collision.

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But enough of politics. Let us turn to thoughts of love. The breach of promise suit at Walkerton on Tuesday brought to light some amatory epistles such as the majority of people write in the "green and salad" time of youth. I should hate to see my first love letters in print, and I would just as soon my later ones were reserved for the eye of her to whom they were addressed, and as I think of what may have been in them I feel a thrill of sympathy for defendants in breach of promise suits. There appears to be something about being in love which robs a man of not only his dignity but his ordinary common sense, and when the victim is in the presence of pen, ink and paper, his motto invariably seems to be "let her go Gallagher," and the lovely sensation of saying sweety-weety things is so delightful that "Gallagher" often goes too far. But who would give a picayune for a lover who thinks about breach of promise suits when he is writing to his darling Olga? Out upon such love as that! There would be nothing worth living for if men were all so calculating and women so frightfully circumspect. The young doctor who suffered so at Walkerton struck it exactly right when he remarked to "his sweet, kind, generous Olga" that he was "like a sponge, absorbing a good deal and giving nothing out. But when you see me again you must squeeze me and you will get it all back." She took him at his word and squeezed him and got fifteen hundred dollars back, and one can hardly blame her. In one of his letters he wondered if there was any balm in Gilead for his love, and gets off some bad poetry which should be sufficient to convict him before any reasonable jury.

> How dreary and lone
> The world would appear,
> If women were none;
> It would be like a fair
> With neither fun nor business there.

Here is another "hunk of mush" from the pen of the love-sick swain:

> Olga, when the storms are long,
> Will you sing a cheerful song;
> When the rude winds rock the tree,
> Will you closer cling to me?

He didn't make an error, Olga clung to him; when the rude wind rocked the tree she was there and I don't blame her. His concluding letter is enough to start any girl on the war path.

"I really do not care for you as I used to. Have entirely ceased to love you and would be pleased to see you in December only as a friend. I am sorry to have to write this, knowing as I do that it will strike deep into your poor heart, but Olga I do not think I am to blame, for you have failed to make yourself sufficiently attractive to reclaim my love, and it would be only deception on my part to keep you in the dark."

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He closed by bidding her a sorrowful good-bye, and asked her to take her trouble to Jesus. Karn has since married the daughter of a leading and reputedly wealthy medical man of Woodstock. His advice to dear Olga as to where she should take her troubles was probably followed, but she also took them to Justice Street who did not consider Karn's excuse worth considering. One could hardly imagine that the author of such a series of love letters would finally refuse to marry the object of his affection because she was "too little." He said when he engaged himself to her he expected her to grow, but Olga failed to grow and he said that he was afraid people would laugh at him if he were seen on the street with anything so diminutive. Just about now he has discovered that she is little but active, and as to people laughing at him, I think he will get his share of that before Olga grows very much bigger.

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Karn's love was of a much milder type than that of Albert Edward Wilson who shot and killed Mary Jane Marshall last Sunday night, near Arkona, in Lambton county, but if I were a young woman I should prefer the Walkerton variety. It isn't pleasant to be loved to death, and it is not unfashionable recently for young men to kill the one who refuses to reciprocate their frenzied passion. While we can comprehend the villainous recklessness of a city tough or morbid *roue*, we do not expect in the quiet of a country side to find young men capable of such a revolting crime, yet those who have lived in rural places and know the habits of thought, the petty tattle, and unfeeling taunts which are apt to make the life of a young lover uncomfortable, will see at a glance the story of young Wilson's courtship and comprehend as nearly as the sane mind can comprehend, the workings of imagination diseased by jealousy and fettered by ignorance. The Wilsons and Marshalls were neighbors but not friends. How often is this true of people whose farms join! He was but twenty-five. Perhaps from her childhood he had been enamored of the dead girl, used to carry her books to school, gave her his apples when she would take them and was good to her when she would permit him be kind. Under such circumstances a girl becomes a part of a lad's life; his horizon is limited, it encircles nothing but her. Can't you see the little country church on the side line? How often have I watched the young fellows, nervous and uncouth, waiting to see a girl home. Hundreds of times have I heard the question stammered, "Kin I see

A BOHEMIAN GIRL.

yeh home"—a question made the more difficult to ask because a dozen unmannerly neighbor boys were standing hard by ready to burst into a loud guffaw if the offer were declined, as it very often was accompanied by some caustic remark intended to show the woman's smartness rather than her good manners. I have seen dozens of young fellows whose proffers were thus declined, go away undecided as to whether they should kill her or themselves. For six months afterwards when an acquaintance would meet them, it would be considered funny to remark, "Can I go home with you to-night, Mary Jane"—and then a loud laugh. This sort of thing is heart-breaking. It is the outcome of a rudeness, which disappears with culture and an acquaintance with those social usages which makes the offer of an escort from one who has a right to take the liberty, a compliment rather than a petition. Perhaps young Wilson had had some of this experience. No doubt the boys more than once had "given him the laugh." Perhaps Mary Jane had not been too gentle and thoughtful in her treatment of him. Young women are apt to be very haughty when they are over certain of a lover's ardor. He had nothing but his own vicious thoughts to comfort him and ignorance provides no consolation for the man who loses what seems to be the only thing worth having. Revenge and the selfish pleasure of knowing that what he could not have nobody else should have, is the outcome of fierce musings and the bitterness of solitary thought. I can imagine that desperate and pin-headed youth tossing about in his bed thinking of Mary Jane Marshall and cursing the fellows who had laughed at him. "He would show them that he could not be trifled with! he would make them remember him! he would prove that Ab Wilson was no slouch, if he had to hang for it!" A great many people, older than he is and who have had opportunities of enlarging their vision and storing up in their souls a solace of which the whims of others could not deprive them, have meditated in the same way, have resolved on desperate things with much less provocation, and as he is likely to, have met a terrible fate. It is this sort of thing that should show us what wild folly it is to permit some poison-toothed jealousy, some festering hate, some untuneful and constrictated longing to fasten itself on one's soul and eat and fester until every fibre of one's being is diseased and contaminated. Much better to have some sort of a philosophy which can look with equanimity on the rudeness, disappointments and futile passions which so beset us. If a man's best girl only loves him a little let him be satisfied with that or change girls. If she likes some one else better, it isn't hard for a young man to transfer his affection. If, as was the case with Dr. Karn, the young man finds someone he likes better, it is better to quit than spoil a life. The world is chock full of nice, comfortable things, plenty of pleasure, love—happiness even—if people would only accept what comes their way or learn to get in the way of that which is desirable. Being laughed at won't kill Dr. Karn and paying fifteen hundred dollars won't ruin him. In a few weeks the funny episode will be forgotten. Bulwer, the great novelist, wrote letters in which he called his wife his little "piggy-wiggy" and said sillier things than the Walkerton defendent. What do people care about that? They read his novels and admit his greatness. They know how it is themselves, while the other miserable hunted devil won't live long enough to find happiness even if he lives a hundred years. There is nothing so dangerous in this world as the man who makes life too serious a matter. Nobody wants to be serious if they can help it.

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I believe the Ontario Depository for Ladies' Work is one of the most deserving institutions in the city. Without being in an offensive sense a charity, its aim is to provide for people who are too old to work or young ladies who are left in very great poverty and still feel bound to keep up appearances in some way by doing fancy work and that sort of thing. I see by their report for last year that the gross sales were $3,237.95, and out of this the workers received $2,534.45, the working expenses of the society by having only amounted beyond the profit on sales to $550.52, which of course is a deficit. Knowing how much good could be accomplished by the society if it were conducted on a larger scale I feel like giving it all the assistance possible. It is no use arguing that it is intended to keep alive a proud and unreasonable feeling that it is degrading for those who have been brought up in luxury, or at least in comfortable circumstances, to do manual labor. It is useless to urge young women left in poverty to engage as governesses or go out to service. They won't do it. They imagine that such a life would be unendurable, and in many instances it would. Outside of this class there are hundreds who are partial invalids who can do fancy work and nothing else. There are those who are too old to begin life anew, nor can they accept charity. Anyone who has tried it knows how difficult it is to find sale for fancy work and the pretty trifles that women make in their leisure moments. Dealers are apt to take advantage of the vendor's necessity and it becomes absolutely necessary that some such institution as the Depository should exist. The good they have done is evidence of what could be accomplished if the scheme took a little larger shape. If they rented fairly extensive rooms and established a ladies' club similar to the ones in New York and New Orleans where ladies could get a lunch down town or a cup of tea when they are out shopping, I believe it would pay, and in that way they would have commodious quarters where they could dispose of all sorts of work which has been made by deserving persons suffering from that bitterest of all difficulties—genteel poverty. As to the club part of it I am certain it would be popular, as there is no such place exclusively for ladies in the city; and clean and comfortable down-town dressing rooms would be appreciated by all the ladies of Toronto. I hope the friends of the Depository will take hold of the idea, not only as subscribers but by leaving orders for all sorts of goods. Fruits could be canned, preserves made, and all the little duties of the tasteful housewife performed by those the society know to be competent. Information can be obtained at the rooms of the society, 49 King street west, Toronto.

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Society.

This week has been the quietest within my recollection since SATURDAY NIGHT was established. Lent seems to have been observed with all the vigor of olden times, and there is scarcely any prospect of the festivities being renewed before Easter. However, after a week's dulness, there are generally a number of little affairs which will be originated to relieve the monotony which even the consciousness of doing penance is insufficient to make endurable.

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This has been rather a dull week and is, I suppose, only a taste of what is to be expected through the Lenten season. The only thing that has occurred to brighten the gloom was the return of three brides and every one is eager to call. Mrs. Gibson has been receiving all week and the verdict of everyone is that she is not one whit behind her sisters in beauty of dress and surroundings. Mrs. Tom Pepler has her admirers and is a most happy looking bride, and it is very much deplored that Mrs. Arthur Meredith lives so far out of town that it takes quite an effort to get to see her, but as she is such a favorite, people will (to use the popular slang of the day) get there just the same.

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Mrs. John Howard of the Pines, Bloor street, held a family gathering on Wednesday evening and only a few outside the connection were bidden. Among some of the chosen few were Mrs. Stephen Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Steenie Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mr. Walker, the Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Williams, the Misses Constance and Edith Jarvis, Mr. Harry Jarvis, Miss Gimson, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Fox, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Harry Boddy and others.

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Mrs. Brough of St. George street gave a very large five o'clock tea on Thursday for Miss Walker of Orillia which was largely attended and very much enjoyed.

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Miss Nannie Hamilton's (of Rosedale) At Home on Saturday afternoon was quite a success, although the weather was so unpropitious. More than fifty young people were present, including Miss Haight's pupils with their governesses.

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Miss Susie Graham, who has been staying with Mrs. George Morphy of Deer Park for some time, has returned home, much to the regret of her numerous admirers in Deer Park.

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Mrs. John Dick of Ketchum avenue gave a dinner party on Thursday evening, after which they had a delightful musicale.

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Miss Emily Sherwood of Brockville is visiting Mrs. Anson Jones of Sherbourne street.

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Mrs. Francis, Ontario street, gave a children's party on Thursday in honor of little Miss Beatrice's birthday.

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I hear that the smoking concert to be given by the Argonaut Club on Monday week will surpass any yet given. Several of our best local talent will take part, and the members are doing their best to make it come off well.

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Cards are out for an At Home at Mrs. Edward Morphy's residence, Wellesley street, next Monday evening.

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Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meredith have returned from their honeymoon and have taken up their residence at West Toronto Junction where they intend living, being handy for Mr. Meredith's office.

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Mrs. Arthur Jarvis gave a musicale Thursday evening, March 7. Among those who were there and I hear took part were the Misses Jarvis, Miss Allie Heward, Miss Tootie Heward, the Misses Gellike, Miss Gymson, Messrs. Harry Jarvis, Gordon Heward, Augustus Heward, Nelles, Stewart, Dickey.

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Miss Emily King Dodds left last week on an extended visit to Hornellsville and New York City.

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Mr. and Mrs. Massey entertained their numerous friends on Monday evening at the Warden's Residence. About fifty guests assembled soon after eight o'clock and enjoyed the evening with dancing and music. Mr. Massey's house is just the place for a dance, with its spacious rooms and halls, which were charmingly decorated with numerous tropical plants from the conservatory, of which its owner is justly proud. Dancing was kept up until the small hours with great enthusiasm, interrupted only by a most recherche supper at midnight, to which ample justice was done. Among so many fair revellers it was difficult to find the belle, but, perhaps, Miss Kathleen Hall may be said to have carried away the palm for beauty, though the dancing of Miss Grey was much admired. Young Mr. Band, who lately was presented with the medal of the Royal Humane Society, was undoubtedly the hero of the evening. Amongst those present were: Miss Miller, Miss Ashworth, Mss. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Norrie, Miss Dyce of Milton, Mr. Horace Burnett, Mr. Morton Jones, Miss Band, Mrs. Burns, Miss Burns, Mr. A. C. Williamson of Brampton, Mr. Gadsby, the Misses Hall, the Misses Massey, Miss Daisy Murphy, Miss Grundy, the Misses Pilsworth, Miss Johnston, Mr. Ambery, Mr. Gerald Rickards of London, England, Mr. Burson, Mrs. Grey, Miss Grey, Miss Lindsay, the Misses Gibson, Mr. Howson, Mr. Mackberry, Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Band.

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The following is a complete list of those who attended the York Rangers' Ball at Newmarket, part of which was published last week: Lt.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., of Toronto, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Wayling, Major Vidal, I.S.C., of Toronto, Major and Mrs. Rogers of Barrie, Major and Mrs. Lloyd, Surgeon and Mrs. Hillary, Surgeon McCarty of Barrie, Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, Capt. Leadley of Barrie, Capt. Mutton of Toronto, Capt. and Mrs. Smith, Capt. and Miss Michie of Toronto, Capt. and Mrs. McSpadden, Capt. and Miss Symons, Capt. O'Brian of Barrie, Capt. McCarty, Capt. and Miss Hillary, Capt. Ashworth, Capt. Gower, Assist.-Surgeon Bendy, Lieut. and Miss Mercer, Lieut. Milloy of Niagara, Lieut. Leslie, Lieut. Allan, Lieut. Verral, Lieut. Holmes and the Misses Holmes, Lieut. Wayling and Miss Wayling, Miss M. Atkinson of Hamilton, Miss Anderson of Eglinton, Mr. John Ashworth of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Allan of Newmarket, Mr. Jas. Austin, jr., of Toronto, Mr. J. M. Belfry of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Bailey of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bastedo of Newmarket, Mr. E. A. Bogart of Newmarket, Mr. A. G. and Miss Bastedo, Mr. W. A. Brunton of Newmarket, Mr. A. E. Boddy of Bradford, Mr. John Burke of Eglinton, Miss Badgerow of Toronto, Miss Grace Brown of Toronto, Miss Bray, Miss Bowden of Newmarket, Mr. Bert S. Cane of Newmarket, Mr. S. E. Carss of Orillia, Mr. Fred and the Misses Campbell of Toronto, Miss Caldwell of Newmarket, Mr. A. B. Charter of Peterboro', Mr. A. Dyment of Barrie, Mr. E. E. Dudley of Newmarket, Mrs. A. T. and Miss Doan of Sharon, Mr. T. S. Downs of Newmarket, Mrs. Dane, Mr. and Mrs. G. A Evans of Newmarket, Miss Falconbridge of Richmond Hill, Miss Foster of Toronto, the Misses Forsyth of Newmarket, Miss Graley, Mrs. Greenwood of Newmarket, Miss Galer of Toronto, Dr. and Mrs. Howe of Newmarket, Miss Hancock of Toronto, Miss Nellie Harrison of Uxbridge, Miss K. Hall, Mr. H. E. Irving and Mr. C. A. Irving of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin of Toronto, Miss Jamieson, the Misses Kelman of Newmarket, Mr. J. J. Lowe of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Langtry of Toronto, Dr. Meeking of Barrie, Mr. F. G. Miller of Stouffville, Mr. C. G. Millard of Orillia, Mr. J. A. Milligan of Orillia, Mrs. Munroe of Toronto, Mr. Geo. Moore and Miss Moore, Mrs. Machell of Owen Sound, Mr. C. L. McNab of Orillia, Dr. and Mrs. McConnell of Toronto, Mr. Norman Macleod of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. Macleod of Toronto, Mr. H. F. Macleod of Aurora, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McClintock of Newmarket, Mr. W. A. McCormack of Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson of Aurora, Mr. A. G. Nichol of Aurora, Dr. J. O. Orr of Toronto, Mr. H. Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. F. J. Pursey of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Phillips of Newmarket, Mrs. Rogers of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Roe and Miss Roe of Newmarket, Miss Ratcliffe of Newmarket, Mr. T. J. Robertson of Newmarket, Mr. A. A. Y. Ramsay of Newmarket, Miss Roan of Newmarket, Miss Robinson of Port Elgin, Miss Robinson of Aurora, Mr. F. and the Misses Risch of Toronto, Mr. D. T. Symons of Toronto, Mr. W. St. C. Sutherland of Newmarket, Miss Soules of Newmarket, Dr. and Mrs. Stuart of Newmarket, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Souch of Newmarket, Miss Skeaff of Toronto, Mr. W. Sutherland of Newmarket, Miss Stevenson of Barrie, Mr. E. H. Verral of Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Vernon of Orillia, Miss Vernon of Newmarket, Mr. J. and Miss Walton of Kettleby, Mr. T. C. Watson of Newmarket, Mr. T. H. World of Orillia, Mr. W. C. Widdifield of Newmarket, Mr. T. M. Willis of Aurora, Miss Willis of Aurora, Mr. W. H. Ward of Toronto.

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At the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy in Ottawa on Tuesday evening, Sir Charles Tupper said in concluding his speech that the occasion was a most appropriate one for repeating the last words spoken to him by the Princess Louise before he left England. She had asked him to say to all Canadians that she still continued to have a deep interest in Canada and Canadians, and to remember her in the kindest and warmest terms to her friends in Canada.

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An amusing story is told which illustrates the miserable state in which some of the ladies arrive at the throne-room on drawing-room days, and the inconvenience which the Queen herself sometimes suffers in consequence. It is told of a lady possessed of a very long and aristocratic nose, which luckless feature, by the help of the draught, had attained a very unladylike color, and was altogether in an almost frozen condition. When it came to her turn to kiss the Queen's hand, the long nose, being so very much in advance of the lips, was pressed against the Royal digits much after the vulgar fashion known as "flattening one's nose against a shop window," and the effect of the contact of this long cold nose was so startling to Her Majesty, that she gave a perceptible shiver and almost snatched her hand away before the salute was accomplished—the startled lady very nearly falling over at the unexpected impetus administered to her proboscis.

The College of Organists (England).

The College of Organists in England originated thus: In the latter part of the year 1853 the late Mr. R. D. Limpus convened a meeting in the city of London with the object of forming a society of organists, when a committee was appointed to consider the proposal he then made. The committee, after communicating with various members of the profession in London and the leading country towns, determined to call a general meeting to be held at Exeter Hall, on March 12th, 1854. At this meeting the committee reported: "That from the highly satisfactory tenor of the numerous communications they have received, they entertain no doubt that on a more extended appeal being made, embracing the great body of professional organists throughout the country, a very general support would be obtained. The committee had elicited that a widely spread desire existed amongst the organists of all shades of opinion, that some means should be adopted for uniting the members of the part of the profession to which they belong; and the committee is of opinion that by timely exertion and liberality on the part of those who must form the germ of the institution, it would specially become endowed with a permanent stability." The meeting having heard the above report read unanimously resolved that the formation of the society be at once commenced. The enrolment of members was thereupon proceeded with, a council of officers was elected, and the College of Organists was duly established, with the following objects:

1. To provide a central organization in London on the profession of organist.

2. To provide a system of examinations and certificates for the better definition and protection of the profession and to secure competent organists for the service of the church.

3. To provide opportunities for intercourse amongst members of the profession and the discussion of professional topics.

4. To encourage the composition and study of sacred music.

5. To do all such other lawful things as are incidental to the attainment of the above objects.

The above general plan and scheme of the London College of Organists is taken from the official prospectus of said college. It will be found that the College of Organists (Canada) originated in a manner almost identical, and that with a few minor points excepted the general plan of working is almost precisely the same, particulars of which will be furnished to the public in due time.

F. H. TORRINGTON.

The College of Organists (Canada).

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to correct an error which has appeared in the musical columns of SATURDAY NIGHT to the effect that the promoters of the College of Organists (Canada) "have proceeded to organize the college with themselves and friends as Fellows, including many 'Fellows' who have never occupied the organ in a church service in their lives," and of whom it was doubtful whether "they could play a pedal scale decently."

In justice to the organists having the welfare and advancement success of a undertaking at heart, I beg to state that no such resolution has been passed by the college. I may add that in due time the basis of the organization will be made public, and that the constitution finally adopted will be such as to command the respect of the entire profession, none but thoroughly competent organists being eligible for admittance to full fellowship in the college.

Yours,
A. S. VOGT,
Secretary-Treasurer,
College of Organists (Canada).

Toronto, March 12, 1889.

TORONTO, March 12.

DEAR METRONOME,—I was very much taken with your remarks in SATURDAY NIGHT of March 9, with regard to the proposed Canadian College of Organists. Some time ago I received a circular inviting me to join in the scheme; mention being made that the said College was "to cover for Canada similar ground to that occupied by the College of Organists in England." I consented. I have since withdrawn my name, as at present it does not seem to be the intention of the promoters to start the "College" on a sound basis. The suggestion you made in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT relative to the organization of the "College" was, I think, an excellent one; it is very rarely that the College of Organists in England elects an *honorary* fellow, *all* are examined there; why then should a lot of musicians in Canada coolly tack on to their names the same title which in England has to be honestly earned? The thing is ridiculous on the face of it. I think that all the foundation members should submit themselves for examination, *theoretical and practical*. For the "practical" examination of the foundation members, several organists from the States might be invited to be examiners as you suggested, and the papers for "theoretical" examinations could come from England. I myself would have no objection to take such examinations, providing all the others, *without exception*, would do the same. This plan would shut out from the "College" all incompetent musicians, and men who are not *organists*, of which there are several on the list of proposed "foundation members."

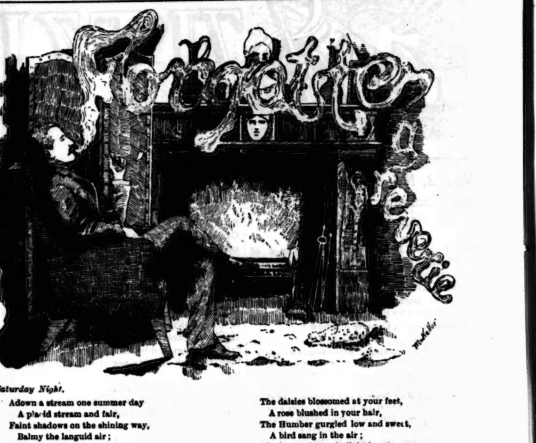
A Medical College does not recognize quacks in medicines, why then should a Musical College encourage and harbor *musical* quacks.

"A College of Organists" founded on such a basis as I suggest would command the respect of all honest musicians and of the public.

Whether the College be incorporated or not, or whether diplomas can be given without incorporation, does not matter; it is the examinations only which make the diplomas or degrees of any value, without examinations they are worthless.

Very bad taste was shown in ignoring certain musicians when the invitations were sent out to join in the scheme; but this you pointed out. Altogether, I think the promoters have made a very bad beginning; they had better try again, and may perhaps arrive at something more consistent and sensible.

I am, Yours Faithfully,
ARTHUR E. FISHER.



For Saturday Night.

Adown a stream one summer day
A pla'id stream and fair,
Faint shadows on the shining way,
Balmy the languid air;
A boat, a snatch of girlish song,
A hill-bound glimpse of blue,
The drowsy Humber slipped along
And I was there—and you.

The hillside cool with grateful shade
Is warm with summer's kiss,
Beneath a tree a man and maid
Dream on in idle bliss;
I hear your song you echo flings
From bank to stream and wood,
I see your eyes alight with things
Unsaid, but understood.

The daisies blossomed at your feet,
A rose blushed in your hair,
The Humber gurgled low and sweet,
A bird sang in the air;
We dreamed as only light hearts may,
Ere the relentless years
Have fettered mirthful laughter's play
And saddened life with tears.

How sweet that balmy, blissful day
To mem'ry's fancy seems—
The snow-bound winter fades away,
Replaced by these dear dreams—
Again your girlish voice seems near,
Attuned to tender tone
The while thou art afar—I here
Forgotten and alone!

W. C. NICHOL.

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New Sea Song by the Composer of "The Little Hero, "The Midshipmite," and "Nancy Lee."

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Training for the Queen's Drawing Room.

Dread subject for the debutante before the eyes of the Queen! Country girls have been known to faint at the idea of the ordeal they have to pass through when they go before the row of royalties in Buckingham palace. Deportment, in fact, forms the most important feature at a drawing-room, the regulation dress being put out of the question. Of course, a debutante must be dressed properly or there is no entrance for her. But she may be weak or strong upon deportment. Some foolhardy women do not take any lessons at all as to the manner in which they shall advance and retreat before the Queen. A *Pall Mall* representative thought it would be a humane action to emphasize the unwisdom of this course, and waited upon a lady who trains the girlish idea how to shine in these stately ceremonies to have a lesson. The representative writes:

A trim maid opened the door when I knocked and rang at the portals of the mistress of deportment. I was shown into a drawing-room rather luxuriously furnished. Presently Mrs. R— entered. She was a pleasant-faced lady,

"MUCH BETTER, MY DEAR," SAID THE EARL OF A—— TO MY LADY.

full of the subject on which I had called. She took me to another room, with a polished floor and pier glasses round the walls.

"I am afraid I shall want a lot of coaching before I am graceful enough to suit your ideas. The only thing I know about deportment is that Mr. Turveydrop once practised it with great profit and honor."

"Don't be afraid. You will learn as quickly as many country girls I have taught. Of course I can't say how many lessons you will want until I see your style. Some ladies need only two or three. Others are obliged to have half a dozen."

"Are all your pupils girls?" I asked Mrs. R—

"Oh, no. I have married ladies here occasionally. The sister of the Earl of A—— took presentation lessons a little while ago, and her husband said they enabled her to carry herself much more gracefully when walking out."

"Aren't the girls very nervous when they first go to Court?"

"Yes; those whose ignorance forbodes failure," answered Mdme. R——. She had full faith in her own powers of training, however, for she said, "Several of my pupils have told

me they were more at home with the Queen than with me. The Queen likes all young girls and debutantes to look at her well in the face. You must look at her thoroughly without flinching."

"Is she particular about deportment?"

"Keenly particular. She notices movement, and nothing annoys her so terribly as a careless, negligent carriage. Her own deportment has always been irreproachable. Don't you admire her as a young Queen in her pictures? She notices in a moment if you have prepared for the drawing-room, and if she sees you have she smiles benignly."

Next to the Queen as a model of court carriage stands the Duchess of Teck. Mrs. R— told me all this in a soft, motherly way. Then she suddenly turned practical, and fixed her eyes keenly and critically and said: "But come, take your hat off and we will have a

I TRY A SALUTATION.

lesson. Place this on your head." She handed me a disc of wood about the size of a tea-plate. "There, put that on your head. This ribbon prevents its falling off. Now walk up to me!" said Madame. "Keep your head up. Don't walk," she cried. "You mustn't venture to walk. Your feet must slide over the floor. Hold your shoulders up. Keep your chin high. Now, try again!"

I wouldn't be a maiden of the sunny South. We are told that the cause of their erect bearing is long practice with a water pitcher on their heads. A platter of wood convinced me that the maidens of the sunny South deserve all the erect carriage they can get. Have you ever tried to walk with your head up with a bit of wood balancing on the top of your skull? I tried again. "You must not lift your toes," warningly said Madame. "Now walk with me." I did so, and balanced the piece of wood with ease.

"Now, I will be the Queen *pro tem.* Glide up to me." She retired to the end of the room. "You must regulate your steps, and count two between each step forward. Take another step forward. Take another step, and then curtsey."

I obeyed. It was a very unsteady one. "Try again, and go down very slowly. Slower, slower, slower," she said, stretching out her hand, which I kissed. "You mustn't try to grab the Queen's hand. You must sweep your hand round so"—and she made a graceful curve in the air—"and be careful your nose doesn't touch the Queen's hand. Any time can be given to the curtsey to the Queen. Then you must curtsey to each member of the Royal Family. The Empress Frederick may be next the Queen. Make a deep curtsey to her, and a shorter one to each of the others according to their distance from the Queen. The regulation number of curtseys is six. That is what I train my pupils for. Having finished saluting each member of the Royal Family you back out swiftly—still with a gliding motion to allow the others ladies to come up. This backing out is really a succession of curtseys with first the right foot and then the left foot forward. You kick your skirts away all the time.

GETTING VERY NEAR ROYALTY.

"I see all my pupils in their full dress," said Madame, "to give them the finishing directions. I keep trains here four yards long for practice. Lessons are almost required if you go to the State ball. Debutantes are often invited. The only formality to be remembered in the drawing-room is the mode of carrying your ticket. This must be carried in the left hand with your right-hand glove between the fourth and little finger. Ladies are also permitted to carry handkerchiefs, but it is not advisable. You give up your ticket, as the Lord Chamberlain announces your name, and then you advance up the room to the Queen."

"Do you get many American pupils?" I asked.

"Yes, I had several last year. They were very agreeable young ladies too. Some English people think that American women are too goahead to be as decorous as good taste demands. But I cannot say that. I think Americans, with all their curiosity and their readiness to plunge into any conversation, are animated not so much by a desire to be forward in evidence as by a livelier intelligence and animation than English. I have had some English heiresses to teach; and oh! they are so stupid when they come fresh from the country to make their first appearance in society."—*Pall Mall Budget.*

Too Much Grammar.

I was once taking breakfast in a miners' boarding house in the San Juan country. The table was full of rude, hearty men. But there was one refined young idiot in good clothes who had evidently come from the East, and who had the indiscretion to say politely and loudly, "Will you please pass *those* biscuit."

I never felt before how rash it is to bring the vocabulary of one set to the ears of another. *Those* was against all precedent and tradition at that table. From time immemorial it had been "them biscuit." A look of unutterable hatred and contempt settled upon the honest faces of the hardy miners. One of them immediately wanted "*those* butter passed down." Another audibly remarked that it would be good to waltz down *those* vinegar, and one scowling verbalist brought all his accurst to bear on the observation that "*those* damned fool from the East was giving himself sweet-scented airs."

I believe the young man from the East, overwhelmed with shame and self contempt for having failed to adapt himself to the dialect of these rude but honest men, went and hanged himself that night.

Before the Bite.

"I like to speak about some law," said a caller at the police headquarters yesterday.

"Yes," replied the sergeant.

"If a man has a dog, and dot dog bites me, can I make dose man pay me somethings?"

"Well, that depends. You could tell better after trying."

"But I doan' try him."

"Have you been bitten by a dog?"

"No, sir. I know dot dog likes to bite me and so I poison him off before he gets a chance."

"Then there is no question of law to be decided."

"Maybe not. I come here to see aboudt her."

"If you have poisoned anybody's dog you'd better keep your mouth shut about it. That's my advice."

"I doan' tell nopody but ten peoples aboudt him so far, und I shan't shpeak to nobody else. Dot was good advice. I hope you good-day."

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There are undoubtedly amongst those who can afford to dress well, and whose social position makes it a duty to do so, a few who would as lief wear cheap, ill-fitting and unfashionable garments, as those which are elegant, well fitting and in good style. The fact is that deep down in every masculine heart there is a fondness for dress, but man likes dress naturally. He cannot help it. It is seldom indeed that any man orders a suit of clothes, or even a single garment, without carefully selecting the material and giving special instructions about what he conceives to be style. The commencement of each season is therefore of much interest to all men who have the means to buy fashionable garments. The Fashionable West End Tailor has much pleasure in intimating to his friends and the public generally, that he has just received his importation of woolens for spring and summer wear, and would invite inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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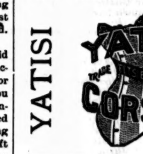

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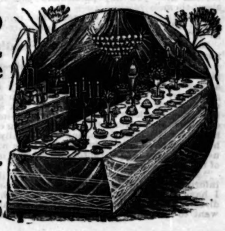

"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

"The snow
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguished quite
The fire that just even now began to flame."

Theodore Dalbrook a sensible, hard-headed man of his-business, was like a puppet in his cousin's hands. She told him to toil for her, and he deemed himself privileged to be allowed so to labor. She put herself into his care, and according to his own conviction, was an absolutely false track, and he was compelled to follow it. She bade him think with her thoughts, and he went his mind to hers.

Yes, she was right perhaps. It was a vendetta. Lord Cheriton had lived all these years hemmed round with unseen, unsuspected foes. They had not burned his ricks, or tried to burn his dwelling-house; they had not slandered him to the neighborhood in anonymous letters; they had not poisoned his dogs or his pheasants. Such petty malevolence had been too insignificant for them. But they had waited till his fortunes had reached their apogee, till his only child had grown from bud to flower and he had wedded her to an estimable young man of the prettiest and most irreproachable surroundings. And, just when fate was fairest, the cowardly blow had been struck—a blow that blighted one young life, and darkened those two other lives sloping towards the grave, the lives of father and mother, rendered desolate because of their daughter's desolation.

Mastered by that will which was his law, the will of the woman he loved, Theodore began to believe as she believed, or at least to think it not possible that there might be amongst the remnant of the Strangway race a man so lost and perverted, so sunken in poverty, so overwhelmed by disgraces and mortifications, eating slowly into the angry heart, like rust into iron, that he had become at last capable of the madness of malignity—hating the man who had prospered while he had failed, hating the owner of his people's forfeited estate, and that man had robbed them of it—hating, yet with so passionate malevolence that nothing but murder could appease his wrath. Yes, there might be such a man. In the history of the Strangway family had been such crimes. They are not common in England, happily; but among the Celtic nations they are not uncommon.

"My first brief," mused Theodore, with a grim smile, as he walked up and down the drawing-room while his cousin was writing a memorandum requesting the bailiff's presence. "It is more like a case entrusted to a detective than submitted to counsel's opinion; but it will serve to occupy my mind while I am eating my dinners. My poor Juanita! Will her loss seem less, I wonder, when she has discovered the hand that widowed her?"

He dined with his cousin at a small round table in the spacious dining-room which had held so many cheerful parties in the years that were gone; the sisters and their husbands, and the sisters' friends, and Godfrey's college friends; and those old friends of the neighborhood who seemed only a little less than kinsfolk, by reason of his having known them all his life. And now these two were sitting here alone, and the corners of the room were full of shadows. One large circular lamp suspended over the table was the only light, the carving being done in a survival from bygone days.

Juanita was too hospitable to allow the meal to be silent or gloomy. She put aside the burden of her grief and talked to her cousin of his family and of his own prospects, yet she seemed warmly interested in his future success. It was but a sisterly interest, he knew, frankly expressed as a sister's may be, though he was yet in was sweet to him nevertheless, and he expanded and talked freely of his plans and hopes.

"I feel stifled in that room," he said, when he "A man must be very happy to endure life in a country town."

"Then you are not unhappy, Theodore?" she interrupted wonderingly.

"Unhappy—no, that would be too much to say perhaps. You know how fond I am of my father. I was glad to work with him, and to feel that I was useful to him; but that feeling was not enough to reconcile me to the monotony of my days. A man who has than like—a wife and children—may be satisfied in that narrow circle; but for a young man with his life before him it is not better than a prison."

"I understand," said Juanita eagerly. "I can fully sympathise with you. I am very glad you are ambitious, Theodore; a man is worthless who is without ambition. And now tell me what you will do when you go to London.. How will you begin?"

"I shall put up at the Inns of Court Hotel for a few days while I look about for a suitable set of chambers, and when I have found them and furnished them, and brought my books and belongings from Dorchester, I shall sit down and read law. I can read while I am qualifying for the Bar. I shall go on reading after I have qualified. My life will be to sit in Chambers and read law books until someone brings me business. It hardly sounds like a brilliant career, does it?"

"All beginnings are hard," she answered gently. "I suppose my father went through just the same kind of drudgery when he began?"

"Well, yes, he must have gone upon the same lines, I fancy. There is no royal road."

"And while you are studying law and waiting for briefs, will you have time to look after my interests?"

"Yes, Juanita. Your interest shall be my first thought always. If it can make you happier to discover your husband's murderer——"

"Happier! It is the only thing that can reconcile me to the burden of living."

"If it is for your happiness, you need not fear that I shall ever relax in my endeavors. I may fail—indeed, I fear I shall—but I shall not be for the lack of earnestness or perseverance."

"I knew that you would help me," she said fervently, holding out her hand to him across the table.

Dinner was over, and they were alone, with the grapes and peaches of the Frontignan and honeys which were not even second to those of Cheriton coveted upon the table before them.

Crane is in the library by this time, I dare-say," said Juanita presently. "Would you like to see him here, and shall I stay, or would you rather talk to him alone?"

"I had better take him in hand alone. It is always hard work to get straight answers out of that sort of man, and any cross current distracts him. His thoughts are always ready to go off at a tangent.

"He knows all about the Squire's children. He can give you any particulars you want about them."

The butler came into the room five minutes afterwards with the coffee, and announced the bailiff's arrival.

Juanita rose at once, and left her cousin to receive Jasper Crane alone.

He came into the room with rather a sheepish air. He was about sixty, young looking for his age, with a bald forehead, and stubbly iron gray hair, and a little bit of a gray beard each sunburnt cheek. He had the horsey look still, though he had long ceased to have anything to do with horses beyond buying and selling carthorses for the home farm, and occasionally exhibiting a prize animal in that line. He was a useful servant, and a thoroughly honest man, of the old-fashioned order.

"Mr. Crane, I want you to give me a little information about some old friends of yours. I have a little business in hand, which indirectly concerns the Strangway family, and I want to be quite clear in my own mind as to how many are left of them, and where they are to be found."

Jasper Crane rubbed one of his stunted whiskers meditatively, and shook his head.

"There was never many of 'em to leave, sir," he said grumpily, "and I don't believe there's any of 'em left anywheres. They've all died off like rotten sheep. There seems to have been a curse upon them for the last hundred years. Nothing ever throve with them. Look at what Cheriton is now, and what it was in their time."

"I didn't know it in their time, Mr. Crane."

"Ah, you're not old enough; but your father knew the place. He did business for the old Squire—till things got so bad as bad as bad could be."

"What was that last report?"

"It was about Master Reginald—that was the eldest son, him that was colonel of a Lancer regiment, and married the Lord Lorton's youngest daughter. I remember the bonfires on the hills out by Studlands just as if it happened yesterday, but it's more than forty years ago, and I was a boy in the stables at fourteen shillings a week."

"Reginald, the elder son, colonel of Lancers, married Lord Dangerfield's daughter in about 1840," wrote Theodore in a pocket-book which he held ready for taking notes.

"What was it you heard about him?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it was Mr. De Lacy's servant that told me. He had been somewhere in the south with his master where foreigners congregate—the place where the folks made a regular trade of it. It's a wonderful climate, says Mr. De Lacy's man, and the consequence for those that have been such crimes. They are not common in England, happily; but among the Celtic nations they are not uncommon.

"My first brief," mused Theodore, with a grim smile, as he walked up and down the drawing-room while his cousin was writing a memorandum requesting the bailiff's presence. "It is more like a case entrusted to a detective than submitted to counsel's opinion; but it will serve to occupy my mind while I am eating my dinners. My poor Juanita! Will her loss seem less, I wonder, when she has discovered the hand that widowed her?"

He dined with his cousin at a small round table in the spacious dining-room which had held so many cheerful parties in the years that were gone; the sisters and their husbands, and the sisters' friends, and Godfrey's college friends; and those old friends of the neighborhood who seemed only a little less than kinsfolk, by reason of his having known them all his life. And now these two were sitting here alone, and the corners of the room were full of shadows. One large circular lamp suspended over the table was the only light, the carving being done in a survival from bygone days.

Juanita was too hospitable to allow the meal to be silent or gloomy. She put aside the burden of her grief and talked to her cousin of his family and of his own prospects, yet it was sweet to him nevertheless, and he expanded and talked freely of his plans and hopes.

"I feel stifled in that room," he said, when he "A man must be very happy to endure life in a country town."

"Then you are not unhappy, Theodore?" she interrupted wonderingly.

"Unhappy—no, that would be too much to say perhaps. You know how fond I am of my father. I was glad to work with him, and to feel that I was useful to him; but that feeling was not enough to reconcile me to the monotony of my days. A man who has than like—a wife and children—may be satisfied in that narrow circle; but for a young man with his life before him it is not better than a prison."

"I understand," said Juanita eagerly. "I can fully sympathise with you. I am very glad you are ambitious, Theodore; a man is worthless who is without ambition. And now tell me what you will do when you go to London.. How will you begin?"

"I shall put up at the Inns of Court Hotel for a few days while I look about for a suitable set of chambers, and when I have found them and furnished them, and brought my books and belongings from Dorchester, I shall sit down and read law. I can read while I am qualifying for the Bar. I shall go on reading after I have qualified. My life will be to sit in Chambers and read law books until someone brings me business. It hardly sounds like a brilliant career, does it?"

"All beginnings are hard," she answered gently. "I suppose my father went through just the same kind of drudgery when he began?"

"Well, yes, he must have gone upon the same lines, I fancy. There is no royal road."

"And while you are studying law and waiting for briefs, will you have time to look after my interests?"

"Yes, Juanita. Your interest shall be my first thought always. If it can make you happier to discover your husband's murderer——"

"Happier! It is the only thing that can reconcile me to the burden of living."

"If it is for your happiness, you need not fear that I shall ever relax in my endeavors. I may fail—indeed, I fear I shall—but I shall not be for the lack of earnestness or perseverance."

"I knew that you would help me," she said fervently, holding out her hand to him across the table.

Dinner was over, and they were alone, with the grapes and peaches of the Frontignan and honeys which were not even second to those of Cheriton coveted upon the table before them.

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CHAPTER X.

"The God of love—ah, *benedicite!*
How mighty and how great a Lord is he!"

A week later Theodore Dalbrook was establish-ed in chambers on the second floor of No. 9 Ferret court, Temple.

Ferret court is one of the few places in the Temple which have not been improved and beautified out of knowledge within the last thirty years. The architect and the sanitary engineer have passed by on the other side, and have left Ferret court to its original shabbiness. Its ceilings have not been elevated, or its windows widened, the early English stone front has not replaced the shabby old brickwork. Its time has not come. The rooms are small and low, lined out of cubicles where generations of lawyers have kept their goods and chattels, are dark and redolent of mice. The staircases are rotten, the heavy old ballusters are black with age, and the deep old window seats are set in windows of the early Georgian era.

The chambers suited Theodore, first because they were cheap, and, next because the sitting-room, which was at the back, commanded a good view of the river. The bedroom was a tolerable size, and there was a dressing room just big enough to hold bath and boots opening out of it. He furnished the rooms comfortably, with solid old-fashioned furniture, partly contributed by his mother, partly sent from the old house in Dorchester, and partly of his own purchases in London. The rooms were arranged with a taste and a comfort which was by means inartistic, and there was just enough bright coloring in the Algerian portieres and a few handsome pieces of Oriental crockery to relieve the sombre hue of old oak and spanish mahogany. Altogether the chambers had the established look of a nest which was meant to last through wind and weather, a shelter in which a man expected to spend a good many years of his life.

He had another reason for choosing those old rooms in Ferret court in preference to chambers in any of those new and commodious houses, in the courts that had been rebuilt of late years. It was in this house that James Dalbrook had begun his legal career; it was here, on the ground floor below Theodore's rooms, that the future Lord Chancellor had waited for briefs nearly forty years ago; and it was here that fame and fortune had first visited him, a shining apparition bringing nothingness into the shabby old rooms, illuminating the gloomy old court with the glory of triumphant ambition, hopes suddenly realized, the consciousness of talking the ear of old men accustomed those dingy chambers fifteen years, and long after he became a great man, and he had gone from as sixty to sixty-five, I fancy, from Ferret floor in King's Bench walk. He had enjoyed the reputation of a miser at that period of his life. If he was rich enough to be a quarter of a century, and then give expression to his feelings all at once with a revolver. That isn't human nature."

"How about the exception to every rule? Might not this be an exceptional case?"

"It might, of course. There's no truer saying than that fact is stranger than fiction; but for all that this notion of Lady Carmichael's is a young lady's notion, and it belongs to fiction and not to fact. I wouldn't trouble my time upon it, if I were you, Mr. Dalbrook."

"I must keep my promise, Mr. Churton. I am obliged to you for your plain speaking, and I am inclined to agree with you; but I have made a promise, and I must keep it."

"Naturally, sir; and if in the course of your inquiries I can be of any use to you, I shall be very glad to co-operate.

"I rely on your help. Remember there is a handsome reward to be earned by you if you can bring about the discovery of the murderer. My part in the search will count for no thing."

"I understand, sir. That's satisfactory, no doubt; but I hardly wanted it. When a case baffles me as this case has done, I would work day and night, and live on bread and water for a month, to get at the rights of it. Good day. You've got my private address, and you can wire me anywhere."

"You're a Sussex man, Mr. Churton, I fancy?"

"Born in the village of Bramber."

Theodore left Warwick the following evening, and landed at St. Heliers on the following morning an hour or so before noon. He landed on the island as an absolute stranger, and with the vague idea of the work he had before him, but with the determination to lose no time in beginning that work. He sent his luggage to Brett's Hotel, and he walked along by the pier to the town, and inquired his way to the Police Office. He was not going in quest of information about a member of the criminal classes; but the man he was hunting was been a notorious drunkard, and it seemed to him that in a settlement like St. Heliers such a man would have been a well-known character attention of the police at some stage of his downward career.

The first official whom Theodore interrogated had never heard of the name of Strangway in the island; but an elderly inspector appearing presently upon the scene, and listening attentively to the conversation, made information.

"You say the gentleman was fond of drink, sir, and in that case he'd be likely to have his favorite public, wherever he lived, and to talk about him. Now, there are not so many taverns in St. Heliers where a sea captain, and a broken-down gentleman, would care to enjoy himself. He wouldn't go to a low place, you see, and he wouldn't fancy a swell place. It would be some house betwixt and between, where he'd be looked up to a bit—and that's how you'll generally of a sea-faring place, you may be sure. There ain't so many but what you could look in at 'em all, and ask the questions, and get out the right track. I can give you the names of half a dozen of the likeliest.

"I shall be much obliged," said Theodore.

"I think it's a capital idea."

The inspector wrote down the names of five taverns, tore the leaf out of his pocketbook, and handed it to Mr. Dalbrook.

"If you don't hear of him at one of those, I doubt if you'll hear of him anywhere on the island," he said. "Those houses are all near the pier and the quays. It won't take you long to go from one to the other. The Rose and Crown, that's where the English pilots go; La Belle Alliance, that's a French house with a *table d'hote*. They've got a very good name for their brandy, and it's a great place for broken-down gentlemen, I hear. You can get a lodging for half-a-crown with vin ordinaire included."

"I'll try the Belle Alliance first," said Theodore. "It sounds likely."

"Yes, I believe it's about the likeliest," replied the inspector.

The Belle Alliance fronted the quay, and stood as the corner of a shabby side street. There was a church close by, and a dingy old old church-yard. Everything surrounding the Belle Alliance was shabby and dull, and the outlook on the dirty quay and the traffic of ugly wagons and uglier trucks, hogsheads and lumber of all kinds, was depressing in the extreme.

But the tavern itself had a certain cheerfulness which an English tavern would barely have had in the same circumstances. The interior was gay with much bright glass, and a good deal of tarnished gilding. There were artificial flowers in shaam silver vases on the tables, and there was a marble statue of some long dead one of the restaurant, behind which a poor-looking divinity, still youthful, but expansive, sat knitting a black hair elaborately dressed, her forehead ornamented with a crocche-cours, and a cross of Jersey diamonds sparkling upon her swan-like throat, which was revealed by one of those low-necked dresses the lower order of Frenchwoman loves. There was a row of small tables in front of the vin house which looked towards the quay, and there was a long narrow table in the middle of the room, laid for the *table d'hote dejeuner;* but as yet the room was empty, save for one young man and woman, of the lower order, who were whispering and listening over a *cafe complet* at one of the small tables furthest from the buffet.

"Oh, that's the proprietor," said the girl at the buffet, and saluted the lady entrenched there.

"Madame speaks English, no doubt?"

"Oh, but very little, sir. I am live long time in Jairsey, where is more English as French peoples."

After this simple speech it seemed to him that he might get on better with the lady in her native tongue, so he asked her for a cup of coffee in her own language, and stood at the counter while he drank it, and talked to her of indifferent matters, she nothing loth.

"You have lived a long time in Jersey!" he said. "Does that mean a long time in this house?"

"Except one year I have lived in this house all the time, nine years. I was only nineteen when I undertook the position of *dame du comptoir*. I could not have undertaken such a responsibility with a stranger, but the proprietor is my uncle, and he knew how to be indulgent to my youth and inexperience."

"And then, a handsome face is always an attraction. You must have brought him good fortune, Madame."

"I do mean it, Mr. Churton, and I want you to help me; or at any rate to give me a lesson How am I to begin?"

He laid his facts before the detective, reading over the notes which he had elaborated from Jasper Crane's reminiscences and from his own recollection of various conversations in which the Strangways had figured.

Churton listened attentively, nodded, or shook his head occasionally, and was master of every detail after that one hearing.

"Jersey is not a large place. I should go first for the son who is supposed to have died in Jersey," he said, when he had heard all. "I should follow that line as far as it goes, and then I should hunt up the particulars of the Colonel's death, the gentleman who was drowned at Nice. If any Strangway had a hand in the business, it must have been one of those two, or the son of one of them. And I tell you plainly, Mr. Dalbrook, that I don't put any faith in that poor lady's notion—no, not that much," said the detective, snapping his fingers contemptuously.

"Yet it was yourself who first mooted the idea of a vendetta.

"So it was; but I didn't mean a vendetta on such grounds as that. An estate changes hands, and—after twenty years—a man comes—the original holders have to submit—the new lady of the purchase! That won't hold water, sir. There's not enough human passion in it. I've had to study humanity, Mr. Dalbrook. It's been a part of my business. I've had to study and to study human nature ever since than many a philosopher who sits in his library and writes a book about it. Now, Lady Carmichael's picture in that notion of Lady Carmichael's. A man may be very savage because his spendthrift father sold his estate, and he may feel savage with the lucky man who bought and developed that estate, and may envy him in his enjoyment of it—but he won't nurse his wrath for twenty years, or a quarter of a century, and then give expression to his feelings all at once with a revolver. That isn't human nature."

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"And then, a handsome face is always an attraction. You must have brought him good fortune, Madame."

"He is kind enough to say so. He found it difficult to dispense with my services while I was absent, though he had a person from London who has been much admired at the Crystal Palace."

"And you, Madame. Was it a feminine caprice, the desire for change, which made you abandon your uncle during that time?"

"I left him when I married," replied the lady, with a profound sigh. "I returned to him a heart-broken widow."

"Pray forgive me for having recalled the memory of your grief. I am a stranger in this place, and I am here on a somewhat delicate mission. My very first visit is to this house, because I know I should find intelligence and sympathy here rather than among my own countrymen. I am fortunate in meeting with a lady who has occupied an important position at St. Hellers for so long a period. I have strong reasons for wishing to discover the history of a gentleman who came to the Island some years ago—I do not know how many—after having been unfortunate in the world. He was a na man."

"My poor husband was a naval man," sighed the *dame du comptoir*.

A pilot, no doubt, thought Theodore.

Theodore's manner, which was even more fascinating than his words, had made a favorable impression, and the lady was disposed to be confidential. She glanced at the clock, and was glad to see that it was only twenty minutes past twelve. There was time for a little further conversation with this handsome well-bred Englishman, before the habitues of the Belle Alliance came trooping in for the half-past twelve o'clock *table d'hote*. Already the atmosphere was odorous with fried sole and omelette au *fines herbes*.

"The gentleman of whom I am in quest is reported to have died in the Island," he continued; "but this is very likely to have been a false report, and it is quite possible that Captain Strangway may still——

"Captain Strangway" echoed the woman, with a agitated air.

"Yes, I see you know all about him. You can help me to find him."

"Know him!" cried the woman. "I should think I did know him, to my bitter cost. Captain Strangway was my husband.

"Good Heavens!"

"He was my husband. The people will be here in a few minutes. If Monsieur will do me the honor to step into my sitting-room, we can talk without interruption.

(To be continued.)

Here is a good smuggling story from the Belgian frontier. A newly married couple were returning to Germany, after a tour to Brussels. As the train approached the frontier the bride grew nervous, and presently confessed that she had a quantity of finest Brussels lace in her bag, on which a high duty would have to be paid.

"Put it inside your hat," she pleaded.

This was done. The custom house officials looked all through the boxes of the elegant young lady, knowing by experience that such are the most daring of smugglers, but found nothing. The chief officer, charmed by the amiable manners of the husband, accompanied the couple to the train, when the wretched husband, forgetting his secret in the joy of having escaped, raised his hat to the officer, and was instantly enveloped in a soft white veil.

The Maelstrom.

An American traveler, who hired an experienced old Norwegian fisherman to take him to the very brink of the Maelstrom, says:

From the moment I first heard the distant roar of the Maelstrom, we sailed directly toward it for more than an hour, the sound gradually increasing in volume as we neared it, until it became so loud and heavy that it was with difficulty I could distinguish the difference and so unusual rapid orders of the daring fisherman. I was excited by strange emotions, even while only the sense of hearing was reached; but when at length sight was also brought to bear upon the whirling gulf, and I beheld the inky waters revolving around what seemed a mighty pit or cavern, and then roaring, tumbling and lashing their swift passage downward to a white belt of foam at the bottom of the great deep, I became thrilled with a sublimity that carried my humbled and awe-stricken soul beyond the consciousness of time into the very presence of some great, almighty and incomprehensible power.

I can never describe the awful Maelstrom as I saw it, heard it, and felt it—felt it, in and though my whole being, till I became absorbed into it, and a part of it, and lost to all other existence—because for the soul sublimated and exalted beyond the dominion of its mortal form into the ideal world of idea, there is no ordinary language of sufficient reach and grasp to portray its impressions.

But so nothing is due to the seeker of knowledge, and something I can and will give.

Imagine, then, an area of a mile and a half in diameter. To do this fully and comprehensively, you should fix your eye or your mind upon some object a mile and a half from where you are. Then fancy this broad space to be all water, moving round in a circle, slowly on the outer edge, but gradually increasing in velocity toward the centre, with a downward inclination of forty-five degrees, so that it looks like a vast hollow gulf of awful depth. Then imagine yourself sailing round on the outer edge of this immense tunnel, with the water black and level on one side of you, and on the other inclined, and running round and downward, rolling, tumbling, rushing, dashing, seething, whirling and boiling, the center lashed into a mile-white foam, and sending up the deafening roar of a thousand Niagaras.

If to all this you add the fancy that you are floating around this awful gulf in a frail vessel, that seems only an air bubble, to be sucked in and crushed, and which, while driving before the wind, is now and then caught by a current and turned several points towards destruction, so that the master shouts frantically, and the sailors make almost superhuman exertions to keep her from rushing madly into the vortex, and you pray agonizingly, with breath suspended and hair standing on end, till the wavering balance has inclined to life—if, I say, you add this to all the rest, you get, perhaps, as good an external of the scene and situation of the beholder as my poor, feeble descriptive powers are able to convey.

But the internal—when the soul became rapt, absorbed, and lost to the outer sense of danger—lost to all but the mighty, overpowering sublimity of this wondrous work of God—no mortal tongue can ever make known.

Amid the bewilderment of this indescribable scene my eyes dazzled with the whirling, rushing, flashing of the waters—my ears stunned with their hissing, dashing, thundering roar—my soul going down into the foaming vortex, and even on ward into the eternity beyond—the old fisherman laid one hand upon my arm, pointed with the other, and shouted: "Look! behold!"

I turned, and saw one of the seamen holding a large sea-bird, to one of whose legs was attached a long cord, the other end of which was secured to a short, heavy stick of timber, which another sailor was in the act of casting into the sea. As the timber struck the water, the cord hung the bird let him go, and with a wild scream he flew to the length of his tether, and then struggled in the air to break his bonds and escape. But the cord held him, and the heavy timber took a gradual inclination toward the vortex. With the schooner run safely back from the gyratory draught, I watched the bird with a slave, as the descending timber dragged him downward, fluttering and screaming, and seeming to my excited fancy like some unfortunate spirit being dragged down to perdition. Round and round went the timber, slowly at first, but with steadily increasing velocity, till at last, with quick jerkings and rapid descents, the fluttering bird disappeared from my view.

I had seen enough. I had felt the emotions of a lifetime compressed into a few hours. And we sailed away from the never-to-be forgotten scene.

Nevil Cradock's Phonogram.

Cradock had been passionately in love with his wife; and when, a year after their marriage, she suddenly died of pneumonia, his friends indulged in various prophesies. Some said he would marry again in twelve months; others, that he would commit suicide. As a matter of fact, he secluded himself, and none of us knew for certain what was passing with him. One evening I happened to catch sight of him at the opera, in company with two other persons. One of these was General Delorme, whom I knew very slightly, having met him at an evening reception at Caryl Medlicott's, where, on the last Thursday of every month during the season, one meets a motley blage of extraordinary men (no women are admitted), some of whose past histories are perhaps a trifle mysterious. The little conversation I had had with General Delorme had given me the impression that he was interested in some form or other of the occult. He had been in India, he told me, was acquainted with Madame Blavatsky, and was an associate of the S. P. R. He seemed to be a gentleman of education; English, of cosmopolitan tendencies and of independent means.

Besides General Delorme, there was in the box with Cradock a young lady, with a face of oriental eyes, and rare beauty. I presumed she was related in some way to the general. Nevil saw me and bowed, but I fancied he did not care to be disturbed, so I remained in my own seat. But I was glad to find him emerged from his shell.

A few days later I was up town dining with the editor of the *Continental Magazine*, to which I was a contributor; and I remember we discussed a proposed article on the future of literature as affected by the Republic. As I was walking home I passed the street in which Nevil lived, and an impulse came over me to drop in on him. It was near eleven o'clock; but, after all, he was a widower. I rang the bell, but the servant who opened the door informed me that his master was not at home.

As I was turning away I met Nevil himself coming up the steps.

"Oh! is that you?" he exclaimed. "I am in luck! Come in."

He ushered me into his library, gave me a chair by the fire, and brought out cigars and a decanter of whisky. He appeared excited and gratified.

"I was just thinking of you," he remarked. "I have something to tell you—speak to you about. Here is a light."

We lit our cigars and smoked. He poured out some of the liquor, and we drank. Nevil was restless, and several times started to speak, but checked himself. At length I said:

"I saw you the other night at the opera."

"Yes, yes," he returned, quickly. "It was my first outing since—— But I have had a great illumination—an experience. General Delorme—do you know him?"

"I just know him."

"Oh! he's a remarkable—a wonderful man!"

Nevil jumped up nervously and stood with his back to the fire. I was surprised at his manner; he was wont to be quiet and rather cold. Suddenly he said:

"What's your opinion of spiritualism?"

"Spiritualism? I have no definite opinion. It seems as if there might be something in it; but, on the other hand, there have been so many exposures——"

"Of course—of course," he interrupted. "We all know that. There will always be impostors. But have you had any personal experiences? Have you ever actually seen and heard anything, among friends whom you know and trust as you do yourself?"

"I can say I have. I never happened to be in the way of it. But do you mean to say that you— Why, I thought you were a confirmed agnostic."

"Yes, I was an agnostic—that is to say, I was ignorant—but I was not confirmed in my ignorance. When the truth was made known to me, I accepted it."

"Then you believe that spiritualism——"

"I don't talk of believing. Either I know, or I do not know. Among things I know is this; that the spirits of the dead—the spirit of my dead wife, for one—can and do revisit us here, make themselves visible and audible to us, and converse with us as they did in life. This, I say, I know!"

He spoke with emphasis.

"Well," said I, "if you know it, you know it. I am certainly not prepared to prove that you don't know it, or that it isn't so. On the contrary, I should be very willing to share your conviction."

Nevil reseated himself, and folded his arms.

"I don't expect you to be convinced by anything short of the evidence that convinced me."

"And that, of course, I cannot offer you, here and now. But if you had been with me this evening—well! you would not have needed anything else."

He paused for a time, and then continued:

"General Delorme is the man to whom I owe most in the world; I couldn't owe any one more."

"He is a spiritualist, is he?"

"He is not to be classified by any of the set terms. There has been few like him since the world began. He does not open himself to everybody. In fact, he could not; he can speak only to those in whom he discerns some quality akin to his own. It is my distinction that he has found that in me. He has revealed to me secrets—mysteries—that I could talk of even to you, old friend as we are. But I am at liberty, I suppose, to tell you that he has enabled me to meet and communicate with my wife. We have seen and listened to her half-a-dozen times. I was in her presence an hour ago."

He said this so quietly that it was embarrassed. I couldn't believe it, and yet I didn't like to state my unbelief.

"You feel no doubt that it was she?" I asked at length.

"Well, I suppose a man may know his own wife!"

"Of course. It is very interesting, Nevil. How did the general manage it?"

"His part was confined simply to arranging the conditions. The medium was his daughter Zoe,—you must know her, of course. She is a girl of rare gifts; she was born abroad, and has the mystic temperament wonderfully developed. She does not speak understand English; she talks a little French, but as I am not much skilled in that language, we converse only through her father. Now, you see, all this occurred at their own house; there was not the least preparation, or materials, or anything of that kind; it all arose spontaneously and accidentally. The general and I had been talking one evening—Zoe was not present, and I had never even seen her up to that time—we were discussing the general subject of such matters, and I had been opposing his arguments; in fact I utterly discredited the whole thing. We had not touched on personal questions at all. He had never heard the name of my wife, and did not so much as know that I had been married. At last I said that no subject of speculation was worth anything, unless it could stand the test of scientific treatment. A fact of science, once ascertained, could always be verified by arranging certain known conditions. Now, if a departed spirit could ever be made perceptible to our physical senses it would be possible to summon it at any time. And I asked him whether he would undertake to do it then and there?

"He smiled, and said I was rather exacting. 'But really,' he went on, 'your position is perfectly just. If these occurrences ever failed to take place, when the proper conditions have been secured,—if they were not scientifically been secured,—I, for one, would never have given certainty.' I, for one, would never have given them a moment's attention. Only, we must remember that the conditions are of a peculiar kind. It is not a question of chemical or mechanical forces, but of the human soul. And the soul is controlled by sympathies of state and feeling. No one can be brought into state and feeling with a spirit that is not, either communication with a spirit that is not, either by nature or former association, sympathized with his own. Given that, and certain simple symbolic ceremonies, and the result is a foregone conclusion,—as much so as that water will freeze at 32° Fahrenheit.'

"'I won't contradict you,' I said: 'but show me a spirit here in this room, and I'll believe you. I am free to confess that *a priori* arguments don't affect me.'

"He was very reluctant at first, and did his best to get out of it. But I persisted; I wanted him either to prove his case or give it up. Finally he said: 'I will oblige you, though it is against my judgment. I don't like to compel belief by extraordinary means. The physical senses are the last means we should employ to convince ourselves of spiritual truth. Do not blame me hereafter regret your persistence in this evening.' I assured him on that point, and he said: 'You must determine in your own mind what spirit you desire to see. Let it be the spirit of some one that you cared for, or who was near to you—some college friend, for instance, or your father, mother anyone you please. It is not necessary that you should tell me whom you fix on. It will be for you to say, afterwards, whether the spirit who appears is the one you summoned. Are you ready?'

"I told him I was. As I need not tell you, it was on my wife, of whom he had never heard, that I fixed my thought. He got up and rang a bell. A servant came, and he told her to ask Miss Delorme if she would come. That was the first I had heard of her. In a few minutes she came in, and her father introduced me. As I explained to you, we were not able to converse much; but the general gave her to know, in a very few words, what was wanted. She looked at me gravely, and bowed her head. There happened to be a piece of black gauze folded up on a table in the corner of the room. She unfolded it; there may have been half a dozen yards of it. She sat down in a chair at one end of the room—we were at the other—and threw the gauze over herself. The general slowly turned down the light, till her figure looked like a little pyramid in black. We all remained perfectly quiet for about ten minutes. You may be sure I kept my eyes very steadily on her. I should have said there was only one door to the room, and I was sitting within arm's reach of it. It was shut all the time.

"All at once I saw something move behind the seated figure. It was white or slightly luminous, and appeared behind and above her head. After a moment it moved to one side and stood beside her—another figure, full length, dressed in white. Miss Delorme remained quite motionless as before.

"The other figure came slowly forward, until it stood within two paces of me. Though the room was dark, the slight luminousness of her garments made her clearly visible. I saw her face, and my heart stood still. It was my wife as she was in life!

"I controlled myself, and when I was sure of my voice I spoke to her.

"'Who are you?' I said.

"'Nell, you know I am Minne!'

"Then I knew there could be no mistake, for not only was the face my wife's face, but the voice also, and 'Nell' and 'Minne' were the names we called each other. Her real name was Mary. No one but ourselves knew the other names."

Of course I could not but be impressed by this story, the more so that Nevil's manner in telling it was very earnest.

"Did you have any further conversation?" I asked.

"Not at that time. In fact, the shock was so great that I could not have stood any more. She retired up the room, but before she reached the chair in which Zoe was sitting she seemed to melt away. I no longer saw her. After a minute the general turned up the light and went and removed the black gauze. His daughter sat there asleep. He awakened her; she seemed tired, and soon went out. Since then I have met my wife several times, and each time in a fuller and more satisfactory manner. It is not only an unspeakable blessing to me, in itself, but she has given me one of the highest importance; she has shown me a way in which I can so apply my means as to effect a great good in the world. You know I have more money than I can use, but she has told me what I can do with it. The general has consented to join me in the work. We are going to found a College of Psychology here in New York, where the instruction will be given by the spirits themselves. He and I are to contribute fifty thousand dollars apiece, as a beginning."

As soon as I heard this I felt uneasy. It might be all right; but it sounded alarmingly like the old familiar confidence game.

"He's a rich man, is he—the general?" I said.

"Richer than I. But there is something interesting that I have not told you. You remember my wife? You have heard her speak? Would you recognize her voice?"

"I don't know—possibly I might," I replied, wondering what could be coming.

"You shall hear it," he said; and he took out of his pocket a small package done up in white paper, which he placed on the table. Then he went to a corner of the library, and returned carrying something that resembled in its general aspect a sewing machine. He set it down on the hearth before the fire. It was one of the new Edison phonographs.

"You know the machines, of course?" he said. "They are made on an identical pattern, but with different attachments for the parts not in all, each to each. It was Zoe who suggested this experiment. The general has a phonograph; and this evening Zoe proposed that my wife should be asked to speak one of her messages into the machine, so that I might carry it away with me and keep it. She consented, and we saw and heard her speak the message that I have here.

As he spoke he unfolded the package, showing one of the waxed cylinders that receive the spoken utterances from the point of the stylus. He slipped it on the shaft, adjusted the mechanism, and fastened one the rubber tubes, with an ear-piece at the free end of each.

"The message," said Nevil, "is about the proposed college, as you will hear. You shall first one to hear it repeater, by the way. I heard it delivered; but I have not yet tried it on my own instrument. Put the ear pieces in your ears, and I will start it."

"Yes," I replied; and the cylinder began to revolve. I immediately heard the sound of a woman's voice—a soft, musical voice—and this is what it said:

"Mr Nevil Cradock, the voice you hear is that of the woman known to you as Zoe Delorme. My real name is Sarah Forbes General Delorme is an adventurer: I am not his daughter—only his partner in his business. You have been deceived from the first. I used to go to the same school with your wife, before she was married; we were intimate friends; you may have heard her speak of me. In that way I know many things about her that you supposed were known to you only. For some time after her marriage she used to write letters telling about you and herself. Afterwards I met with misfortunes, and was obliged to live by my wits. The general—as he calls himself—and I met, and agreed to work together. I happened to tell him that I had known your wife, and he at once began to plan to swindle you. We found very little difficulty in, in my fair actress, and practiced until I could imitate your wife's voice; it was easy to make up my face so as to resemble hers in the dark. I love you too, and deceived the first time the rest was easy; hardly anything would have undeceived you. The other little tricks we used are common to the trade. But I have made up my mind to open your eyes. I was fond of your wife, and now that it has come to the point, I can't bring myself to aid in robbing the man whom she loved and who loved her. But as I don't care to quarrel with the general, who is a good fellow in his way, and useful to me, I have taken this method of informing you privately. When you come this evening, and I, in the character of your wife's spirit, have talked some nonsense into the phonograph for you, I shall contrive to substitute this phonogram for the one you will suppose you are receiving. It is worth fifty thousand dollars to you, for it will prevent you from handing your check for that amount to the general to-morrow. In return for this service, all I ask is, that you never reveal to the general that I played him false, or seek to interfere with us in any way. It will suffice for your purpose if you simply drop him a line, telling him you are not satisfied of his integrity. We shall go away and never trouble you again. Good-bye. Mr. Cradock. I wish you well; but I must say, I should wish to marry a man less easily imposed on."

This was all. While I was listening to it, Nevil (to whom, of course, it was inaudible) paced up and down the room, or paused in front of the fire, saying occasionally:

"Isn't it beautiful! Isn't it wonderful! Do you recognize her voice?" and otherwise trying to draw from me some expression of sympathetic awe and delight. As soon as I had begun to find out the truth of the predicament I felt more uncomfortable than ever I did before in my life. I wanted both to laugh and cry, and I heartily regretted that I should have been made involuntarily privy to poor Nevil's discomfiture. But of what avail were regrets!

"Well?" exclaimed Nevil, as I removed the ear-pieces from my ears, and rose from the chair.

"Well," said I, "I am afraid there's been some mistake. I think agnosticism, in some matters, is a wise attitude. Sit down there and judge for yourself."

Poor Nevil! He took his disappointment—his mortification—his punishment—like a man and a sensible person. I really believe it did him good. He has less of the pride of opinion than formerly. As for the general, he was arrested the other day for some other piece of sharp practice. But Sarah Forbes, *alias* Zoe, has gone on the stage, by Nevil's assistance, and is doing well in comic opera. There is a deal of good in her.

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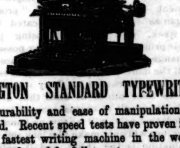
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Beauty as a Social Factor.

Poets and romance-writers are never tired of extolling the power of female beauty over the minds and hearts of men. "Beauty draws us with a single hair" is a sentiment which has been reiterated in a thousand different forms in testimony to the charm of physical grace. Numberless instances in history evidence the vast influence which beautiful women have exercised over the destinies of nations. But it may fairly be questioned whether the social power of mere charms of person have not been somewhat overrated. The beauty which carries everything before it and enables its possessor to reign as a queen over all hearts, is nearly always conjoined to the gifts of intelligence, wit, and the charm of a gracious manner. How often do we witness that remarkable psychological phenomenon—a singularly handsome man happily united to a very plain and dowdy helpmate, or *vice versa*. The liking which good-looking people of either sex have for their opposites in this respect is almost proverbial. Nothing is commoner than to hear surprise expressed that Miss ——, the universally admired belle of several seasons, has thrown herself away on some worthless fellow or developed into a sour, *passe* old maid. The best prizes of the social world are not always for the beautiful any more than the race is always to the swift or the battle to the strong. The law of compensation comes in to equalize matters. It is often the case that those who are extraordinarily handsome have their heads turned by flattery, and become inordinately vain. They fancy they have the world at their feet. They stake everything on their beauty to the neglect of other means of rendering themselves attractive. To be handsome, is in their eyes the whole duty of woman, having accomplished that they fancy that admiration, conquests and eventually a good match follow as a matter of course. The plain girl on the other hand, realizing that she will never be sought for her looks, seeks to please and attract in other ways—by a sympathetic, friendly demeanor or the liveliness of her conversation. While the beauty surfeited with the homage of a throng of admirers oftentimes regards with fastidious disdain the approaches of a worthy lover, her more homely sisters, less prone to indulge their caprices, frequently secure the love of those wearied of contending for the insincere smiles of a coquette. Hence it is that in the long run the beauty is often distanced by girls of ordinary or even decidedly plain features, who have had the discretion to supply their deficiencies in good looks with the more lasting attractions of good temper, sympathy and intellectual qualifications.

Egotism.

The follies of the egotist have been abundantly ridiculed. We all know men who think that they are the mainspring of public or social life—that when they travel the part of the world they leave behind them tips up. There is no greater bore or nuisance than the vainglorious, conceited fellow who is continually boasting of his knowledge, his influence, his wealth, his connections, his—everything; telling how he did that, and advised this, and predicted the other thing. Young people and fools sometimes take these inflated windbags at their own valuation, which tickles them mightily. But all such self-laudation is of course discounted among practical, common sense men and women, and the blatant egotist held in deserved contempt. Yet for all this, it is doubtful whether anything good or bad was ever accomplished in this world except by egotists. Nearly all the great conquerors, lawgivers, reformers, discoverers and self-made men have had an intense belief in themselves and their destiny, amounting to a sublime audacity. What an egotist Cæsar was when he exclaimed to the trembling sailors in the midst of the storm: "Fear not; you carry Cæsar and his fortunes," and Napoleon with his steadfast confidence in his fate, and, not to multiply instances, Sir John Macdonald with his "Time and I will win this fight yet." And what an enormous amount of "gall" and self-assurance has been possessed by the social and religious reformers of all ages, men who have dared to stand up singly against the world and announce that all the preceding millions have been wrong—while they have come to set things right! Egotism has given men the courage to defy majorities and establish opinions and suffer and die if need be for their cause. Egotism built the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Suez Canal. In fact the first essential of success in anything is a firm, absolute faith in one's self. The difference between the vulgar, swaggering egotist—the social bore and pest—and the men of achievement is that the latter have too much sense and good taste to blurt out their opinions of themselves at all times. They see that vain-glorious self-laudation is obnoxious to their fellows. But at heart they think just as much of themselves or a little more it may be, than the man at whose every third word is "I." They are all egotists. The man who doubts his own capacity will never accomplish anything in the world.

Clarence—I think I will sing in the Starlight. Clara—That is right. It will sound so much better out of doors.

The annual concert of the Canadian Order of Foresters brought out a tremendous audience who waited most patiently until nearly half-past eight before the first number was sung. This delay was not the fault of the managers, but was due to the slow arrival of the audience. A good lesson might be taught if for a month every conductor would commence his concert at the stroke of eight. It would have a salutary effect of promptness. The principal interest of the excellent programme provided was in the violin playing of young Georgie Fox. This lad is a wonderful success. He plays with an ease and certainty that are truly surprising in one so young. His whole rendition is so thoroughly correct in style and intonation, his tone is so pure and sweet and his taste is so unvitiated that one hardly knows which to admire most—the evident talent of the boy or the years of patient toil that his teacher, Mr. J. W. Baumann, must have spent over the lad. That the foundation work, which the youth need never unlearn, is so good is infinitely creditable to Mr. Baumann, and George has great possibilities in the future if it will bring with it similar application and study.

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Another novelty on the programme was Miss Maud Morgan, a handsome young lady who played that elegant instrument the harp. Playing the harp is a severe test of both the grace and physical beauty of the performer, and Miss Morgan stood the test well. She has a splendid technical strength, and plays with true artistic feeling, evidently having the temperament that accords with so romantic an instrument. A third debutant was Mr. S. E. Walt of Boston, a tenor, whose voice was not very strong, nor yet very pleasing. Tae lady vocalists were Mlle. Strauss and Mrs. Mackelcan, whose singing of two Rubinstein duets was even superior to their solo efforts. Mlle. Strauss gave a beautiful rendering of the Parto, Parto, from La Clemenza di Tito, and of Dessauer's sparkling Ouvrez. and Mrs. Mackelcan sang, Come Where the Lindens Bloom, and Pinsuti's White Wings, with rare brightness and feeling. Mr. Schuch and Mr. James Fax were the gentlemen on the programme, and were both successful in eliciting encores, while most satisfactory accompaniments were played by Mr. D. J. O'Brien of Hamilton.

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I am sorry that Mr. Torrington's letter of last week was not sent to this office in time for notice simultaneous with its appearance. In it Mr. Torrington says that his "intention in tapping the desk was to prevent hurrying." The impression created on me at the time was that he intended to hasten the chorus, and several members of the chorus have told me in plain words that he did so in the number in question. Furthermore, Mr. Torrington is mistaken in his statement that in To Sing and Dance, he tapped only the first beat in each measure, for I noticed particularly that in the first six bars not one single beat was left untapped, and I marked my book accordingly. After all, the question is not so much whether a certain chorus was hurried or retarded by the conductor, as whether he should or should not treat his audience to a little Obligato during the performance of an Oratorio. Mr. Torrington goes out of his way to make some covert insinuation against those who write "so-called musical criticisms." Come right out, Mr. Torrington, and say whom you mean! Complaints of the newspapers come with an ill grace from Mr. Torrington, who has been treated with more kindness and greater generosity, both as to words and space, by the Toronto press than has any other man in his profession.

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In another column will be found Mr. Vogt's protest against my remarks anent the College of Organists (Canada), and also a letter from Mr. Arthur E. Fisher on the same subject. In which connection I have just a word or two to say. I made no error, as Mr. Vogt suggests, but based my remarks on the circular issued by the Provisional Committee of the C. O. (Canada), in which the following resolution was submitted for the votes of the members: "*Be it resolved*, that the hereafter mentioned organists be constituted Fellows of said College (Foundation Members), Toronto, E. H. Torrington, J. C. Aridige, E. R. Doward, A. Dorey, T. C. Jeffers, Clarence Lucas, A. S. Vogt, W. V. Forsyth, H. M. Field, A. E. Fisher, Mrs. H. M. Blight, P. V. Greenwood, E W. Phillips," and continuing to give the names of organists in other places. The reader who knows them can easily pick out from these names those who ought not to be called organists, much less "Fellows" of a college of organists. The detailed resolutions concerning admission to the honors of the institution can be given *verbatim* in similar manner if my correctness is again questioned. That these resolutions were not accepted and that the whole scheme is being remodelled in consequence of a tidal wave of protest, does not disprove my statement that its promoters "proceeded to organize" on the basis indicated by me last week, my statement being proved by their printed circular now in my possession. If a change of direction has taken place since, it is all the more creditable to the good sense of those who have caused it. They may as well make up their minds at once that a tail of initials, the result of mutual recognition or accommodation only, will bestow no honor on its wearer, but will only make him look ridiculous. Examination is the thing, and it only, and those who oppose it are no acting "in the kindly interest in the cause of music," a phrase that has been made to do momentous service of late.

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Among current musical items of the day are: The Conservatory quartette, composed of Messrs. Bourher, Napoleton, D'Auria and Dinelli, will give several public concerts before the close of the season; the Conservatory orchestra has now reached a membership of thirty, and is in efficient rehearsal; the Choral Society's performance of the Creation is definitely fixed for Thursday, April 4. Mr. F. H. Torring on has been elected President of the Canadian College of Organists, by acclamation, a similar honor being extended to Mr. A. S. Vogt as Secretary-Treasurer.

METRONOME.

When I finished reading She, I felt as if I had had a nightmare, not one of the oppressive and awful sort from which we awake with a shriek, but a semi-pleasant horror of the long-to-be-remembered variety. Last Monday night after I had seen She on the stage I went home and dreamed about it, and have ever since had a more or less vivid recollection of its mimic horrors. As a play one could not conceive more utter rubbish. To the improbabilities of Rider Haggard have been added Mr. William Gillette's absurd impossibilities, that is to say, unfettered imagination has been decked with the cap and bells of a Yankee clown. By the clown I do not refer to Mr. Gillette, but to the clowning which has relieved the play from being a chapter from a half-forgotten fit of the jim-jams. Mr. Gillette's work in presenting the whole book in six tableaux demonstrates his ability, for one who has never read the story can comprehend it on seeing the performance. Martin Brown, an American drummer, is the fun of the piece, and Mr. Charles Bowser "did" the part no doubt to the queen's taste, that is to say to Mr. Gillette's taste, and was vastly appreciated by the audience. Martin Brown fits in the story of She with the same exactness and as appropriately as he would in Hamlet or Macbeth, or any other lugubrious melodrama that you can imagine. He is a clock pedlar who dispenses "gulf," lights cigars, fires off revolvers, ejects gags, and does wonderful things at all times of the day and night. He is the end man of the company, a combination of the bones and tambourine and interlocutor, in fact as far as anything intelligible is concerned, he is the entire play. Mr. Bowser is funny and anyone who has read She can imagine how like a rooster on a tombstone he must have seemed. Some of his jokes were quite new, all of them were applauded. Horace Holly as represented by Mr. M. E. Heisey is gotten up on the principle that when an Englishman goes traveling he wears clothes of a loud pattern—broad stripes and big checks—calculated to strike the observer cold. Mr. Heisey was immensely hideous, but it made him noticeable and he had nothing else in his part which attracted attention. The *role* of Leo Vincey was taken by Mr. W. S. Harkins, and I must admit that Mr. Harkins is quite English-looking—of the over-fed, meat-headed sort who ordinarily attend to the wants of horses in a livery stable. I tried to like him, but I couldn't. I remembered Haggard's idea of a Greek demigod—the picture of Kallikrates. Mr. Harkins does not resemble Kallikrates. He resembles the 'Arry 'Opkins who brings you your boots at an English inn and loiters by the door for his tip. The Job of Mr. Maurice Pike is somewhat funny. Almost anything will make you laugh at a funeral and the comedy parts in She have all the advantage of a sombre background, but no one in the audience would mistake Job for anything but a base imitation of an Englishman. He looked like one, but the sound of him betrayed an entirely different origin. He was only a little bit funny and is by no means a good actor. Mr. J. Buckland's Mohammed was fairly good. Miss Evelyn Tetley as Ustane has the natural grace and intensity of a good actress and I didn't blame the chuckle-headed Vincey for clinging to her in preference to Ayesha as exemplified by Miss Telula Evans. I regret to remark that Miss Evans is not entirely beautiful, in fact she comes very near being not at all beautiful. Having by an oversight of the doorkeeper attended a large number of theatrical performances, balls, etc., I have seen a great many varieties of neck, bony, Derbyshire, scraggy, and otherwise, but She has a neck in which the cords, veins and muscles stood out in a manner which absolutely made one shiver. Miss Evans is graceful and sings fairly well, though her lines are not delivered by any means as they should be, and if she refused to take that veil off, she might be much more of a success as a professional beauty. Her diamonds were particularly brilliant, but less so than her eyes, which gleam, even through her veil, with a brilliancy I have never seen exceeded. The Dillyesha of Miss Jennie Reeves was a good personation, though frightfully repulsive. Miss Alice Maitland, the attendant on She, was a pretty little girl, and would make a nice page in any 17th century drama. Mr. H. W. Frillman as Billali gave an even and excellent performance. So much for them as individuals. As a company their representation made an exceedingly entertaining performance. It was so unusual that one could forget the transgressions of elocution and dramatic rule. The chorus did the hot pot dance well, and the flesh-creeping song connected with it in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The scenery also was excellent, and the management deserves to be complimented on the short waits; even on the first night there were no weary delays though there were one or two hitches. The underground palace of She was of particular excellence and the cave of The Fire of Life, a startling tableau. I do not believe anyone who has seen the performance has gone away displeased. It is not a play, it is a series of tableaux, and I consider anything satisfactory which will leave a vivid and not unpleasant sensation after it is over, and if I were writing an advance notice instead of a farewell I would advise all those who wish to free themselves from care and have an unnatural sort of a laugh to go and see She.

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One of H. R. Jacobs' companies has been playing Queen's Evidence at the Toronto Opera House this week. This play has been before the public for a number of years, and its plot, trite and commonplace at best, does not gather interest with increasing age. In its construction probability had been stretched to its utmost limits, and were it not for the rude element of pathos introduced by means of the wife made blind by sorrow at her husband's desertion and the loss of her child, it would be without a redeeming feature. Good acting will often cover a multitude of sins in a play, however, and perhaps if Queen's Evidence were in better hands, its defects would be less apparent. But Mr. H. R. Jacobs' company is not a combination of the kind that blinds one's eyes to dramatic imperfections.

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The leading lady, Miss Mary Mills, who played the blind woman, had some very good touches in her work, which if she could sustain throughout the play would make her too good for this company. In the scene where she gives up her child to Sir Frederic Sidney, she drew tears from many in the audience. I mention this circumstance not so much for the reason that is a difficult trick to cause women to weep, but because it was about the only emotion of any kind manifested by the spectators during the performance. The rest of the company are not uniformly bad, for Mr. R. D. Bryan and Mr. Fred Jerome are a little bit worse than anything I ever saw, even in the Wayback amateur dramatic club. They must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. King Readmore makes very little out of a character that is capable of being worked into an entertaining part. I think audiences and critics are often prone to give to the player of an exaggerated character more credit than he deserves. If an actor makes himself up so as to be a libel on the human form, and throws in some speeches and antics, such as were never seen or heard on earth or under it, he rarely fails to excite admiration. They say he does his part well, because they never saw its counterpart in real life, nor will they ever meet it even if they attain to the age of the last Waterloo veteran. It was Joe, the lockkeeper, misrepresented by Mr. J. S. Hale, that started me on this line, but Mr. Hale does not fill the bill, for notwithstanding his contortions he was not successful in gathering any admiration that I could see.

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Next week Beacon Lights will be the attraction at this house.

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The plan of seats for the Roberts Recitals, which take place at Association Hall on March 19 and 21, opened at Nordheimer's on Thursday last, and up to the time of going to press large numbers of seats had already been taken. On both occasions Mr. Roberts will be assisted by Mlle. Adele Strauss, mezzo-soprano, and Mme. Asher-Lucas, pianiste to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Helen Dauvray has returned from Europe wearing a Japanese gown. Her contract with Harry Miner calls for a salary of $400 a week, a percentage of the profits of the tour, traveling expenses, a maid, carriages, and a private car in the event of one-night stands.

John Stetson again comes forward as a figure in a funny story. Some years ago when Actor Henry E. Dixey was employed by Stetson, he insisted on doing his famous burlesque of Henry Irving's Shylock. Stetson was opposed to the notion, for he had never seen Irving, who had played at an opposition theater. But he sat through Dixey's performance without a smile on his face, and told Dixey afterward that he didn't see anything in it, anyhow. The following year, however, Mr. Irving himself came to Stetson's theater and played Shylock. Stetson sat in the box again, and from the time Irving came on, Stetson roared and kept it up during the whole evening. After the performance was over, he rushed round, grasped Irving's hand and exclaimed: "That's the best thing you've ever done. Why, you're closer to Dixey than any man I ever saw. Just like him as two peas."

Madame Albani sang in New York at Steinway Hall at the Seidl concert. *Truth* says she is probably the best artist on the lyric stage to-day, but America never treated her kindly. When she sang in opera at the Academy of Music the stockholders stayed away, and Mme. Albani left New York with scarcely a kind word; but she was received with open arms in London. On Saturday night she sang an aria of Handel's which roused her audience to a point of enthusiasm that has not been reached here since the original Nilsson concerts. It is very absurd to say, with this experience, that Albani sings without heart, but that has been said repeatedly by the New York critics, evidently because Albani does not sing Wagner's music.

The New York *World* is authority for the statement that Mrs. Langtry and Frederick Gebhard were married in New York city on Tuesday, March 5. The story, it is said, was let out by Mrs. Langtry's coachman, who had looked too long on the wine when it was red. He said her divorce was granted by a California court and received on Monday. A reporter called on the Lily and presented her with a note of interrogation. He said: "The famous turquoise ring which Mrs. Langtry is never without, had given up its favorite finger and had gone over to the other hand and in its place shone a bright gleaming plain gold ring.

As she read the note of inquiry which had been prepared for her the delicate face was a marvellous study. A brilliant pink flew to her cheeks and with an immensely shy, happy laugh she raised her big, blue eyes and looked about at the tell-tale masses of lilies and white roses, then at her mother, who went smiling out of the room, and then into the billiard-room, where a gorgeous silver service and a glistening big white cake adorned the grand piano. Then she smiled a little, but said nothing.

"And so it is true, Mrs. Langtry, at last?" said the Scribe. "Can you tell us where and when and how?"

For an imperceptible moment Mrs. Langtry hesitated. Then she took a step forward and, with a charming gesture, extended her hand.

"I have always been very willing, as you know," she said, "to give any information about my public self in which anyone can take any interest. But, really, don't you know, we have decided not to give any particulars about this matter at all." And with that diplomatic answer the reporter was fain to be content.

When Mr. Gebhard was asked about it he simply begged to be excused.

Pine Trees.

For Saturday Night.

Oh the spirit of the past comes again to me to-night,
With its memories of happy, happy hours;
When the joyousness of youth filled my little infant world
Full of music, and of sunshine, and of flowers.

I was not the petted child of a proud, luxurious home,
Mine was but a cot logs, a cabin rude and strong,
But the pine trees bent above it their stately, tasselled heads,
And sang to me their mystic spirit song.

I can see them in the spring, as with bounding step I go
O'er the soft, brown carpet they in winter spread—
The sunlight stealing through the rifts in the green canopy,
And their long boughs swaying gently overhead.

I can see them—I can hear them in the dreamy summer-time,
When the harvest moon is floating in the sky,
Breathing melancholy dirges in a language weird and sweet
Bequeathed to them from ages long gone by.

And in winter, when all other trees and all the flowers were dead,
How fair my pine trees then festooned with snow,
I have looked with pride and tenderness upon each sombre head
Bending sadly o'er the shrouded dead below.

They were dearer than all other gifts that mother-nature gave,
Than tender sky or bird-note wild and sweet,
Or brooklet, dancing, flashing through its flower-bordered bed,
Or the mossy knolls that nestled at their feet.

O 'tis many years ago! I am strangely changed to-day—
The wayward child of nature is no more—
But, though cold and grave, I listen, standing 'neath my stately pines,
To their murmur with the joyous thrill of yore.

Picton, March 1. E. JOHNSON.

Platonic Lovers.

For Saturday Night.

Platonic lovers, staid and calm,
Whose hearts less often melt than freeze,
How do you free love-making from
Intoxicating qualities?

I never could (I freely own
In the strict privacy of print),
I don't make love when I'm alone,
Nor when the girl is old and bent.

At other times, I think, well, there!
Why is it that Dame Nature took
Such pains to make girls bright and fair,
If we're forbidden just a look?

A look, of course, a little warm,
A voice the merest trifle low,
A winning air, and where's the harm,
If when she's sweet you tell her so?

Were I a girl, and you my love,
My only love is all the land,
I think I'd let you press—my glove,
Or bend your face above—my hand.

I think I would, but goodness knows!
It's very, very wrong, such talk,
But, really, now I don't suppose
That finger ends are made of chalk.

Alas, I'm but a simple man!
Not wise enough to be platonic;
I've loved almost since life began,
And now the thing is getting chronic.

Tell me, platonic lovers calm,
How shall I master this disease?
How shall I free love-making from
Intoxicatir. qualities? HERALD.

Discounting the Future.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals
From his stool at my feet one day,
And the firelight burnished the curly head
And painted the cheeks with a dash of red
And brightened his very eyes as he said,
In a most confidential way:

"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown-up man,
I shall have just two little boys."
I smiled. He was six, but he did not see.
And I said, "Yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well, yes," reflectively, "that would be nice.
And I'll tell you just what I'll do;
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know,"
Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now, and so
I'll name the girl Annie, for you."

But how would their mother like that?" I asked,
"Do you think that she would agree
For no both to have names while she had none?"
With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged at my logical son,
"Their mother! Why, who is she?"

The King's Favor.

The king came riding thro' the wood;
He heard a maiden sing;
A little maid both fair and good,
He paused awhile upon his way,
For gladder, sweeter, was her lay
Than all the birds of spring.
So soft and clear, so full and free,
It pleased him more and more;
And often through the wood came he
To hear her sing, to see her stand,
Holding fast her father's hand,
Beside the cottage door.

"She hath a fine and noble face,"
The king declared one day;
"I'll take her gladly in my care,
And she shall be a lady fair;
Her simple song, her gentle grace,
Shall charm the bower away."
"Oh, nay, I cannot go," she cried,
"My heart would hurt me sore
To think of fath r's eventide;
He is not glad but when I stand
Holding fast his loving hand,
Beside the cottage door."

"She knoweth not her own true mind,"
Was all the king's reply,
And so the cot was left behind;
But sister weary weeks had flown
He heard her white she grieved alone,
Nor knowing he was nigh.
"I love the little home," she sighed,
"And love my father more.
And tho' so oft and long I've tried,
I cannot sing, but when I stand,
Holding fast his loving hand,
Beside the cottage door."

The king's good angel took her part,
And said, "The fault is thine;
She knoweth best her own true heart."
"Yes," said the king, "thou hast the right—
I saw her father yesterlight;—
They shall no longer pine."
"Sweet maid," he cried, "thou'lt greet thy home
Ere yet this day is o'er;
I ask but this: Oh, let me come
To hear t e sing, to see thee stand,
Holding fast thy father's hand,
Beside the cottage door." —*Youth's Companion.*

Noted People.

George W. Childs, the millionaire editor of Philadelphia, began life as an errand boy in a book house, and eventually became proprietor.

The Princess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt, who is to be betrothed to the Czarowitz, is considered the prettiest of the unmarried royal girls of Europe.

George Kennan, the Siberian traveler, is said to be the only known American who ever completely mastered the Russian language, except Caleb Cushing, formerly Minister to St. Petersburg.

The hereditary Grand Falconer of Great Britain is the Duke of St. Albans, who receives a salary of $4,825 a year for holding the title. It is doubtful if he would know a falcon if he saw one.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is living quietly in a cottage in Florida surrounded by an orange grove. She rises early in the morning, takes a short walk, and then devotes four hours to literary work.

Frank R. Stockton is a delightful conversationalist. He is perfectly willing to talk about his own works, and is as modest as he is frank. He is of the opinion that the majority of women would have chosen the tiger in The Lady or the Tiger dilemma.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a letter written a few days ago to a friend, reported herself as having all her bodily powers perfect, a quite healthy appetite and as enjoying a quiet sleep every night. "In view of these items," she writes, "I am no subject for lamentation; I do not lament over myself."

The Crown Prince Rudolph's debts amount to £400,000, although he had an income of £150,000 per annum, and his palaces and country places cost him nothing, as they were kept up for him. Where the money went nobody knows; while a great deal of the Prince's jewelry, of which he had a very large and valuable collection, has disappeared.

At the recent meeting of the Berks Archæological Society, Lord Coleridge took occasion to express his surprise that the writer of one of the papers read had treated seriously Mr. Froude's claims to authority as an historian, when it was considered that since schools of history had been instituted in the two great universities, in neither of them had Mr. Froude's history been allowed to be quoted as an authority.

The Empress Frederick has left England and returned to the land over which at one time it seemed likely that she would exercise all but Imperial sway. In her castle in the Taunus Mountains she will be far removed from her relatives and friends, but in the comparative solitude of her Imperial retreat she will be able to recover some of the composure and nervous equilibrium which the terrible events of the last twelve months have so rudely shaken. Her Majesty, according to the terms of the settlement, must reside six months in every year in Germany.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says, that a more attractive bride than the young American lady whom the Duke of Newcastle led to the altar has hardly ever worn the bridal veil at a London church. Miss Kathleen Florence Mary Candy is only seventeen; she is tall and fair, with somewhat dreamy eyes, and as she knelt at the altar, with the rich color every now and then rising to her face, she was the impersonation of "sweet seventeen." No wonder the Bishop of Lincoln, in his interesting and earnest address, likened the bride to "a flower or the blossom of a tree!".

Mrs. Chamberlain seems to have been one of the leading attractions at Her Majesty's recent drawing room. She wore a dress of pale blue velvet with a long flowing drape of white tulle edged with Valenciennes lace. Among those who had gathered together in St. James' Park to see the drawing room ladies, one question was again and again repeated, which, however, nobody seemed able to answer. "Where is Mrs. Chamberlain?" everybody asked, and one short, stout, elderly party waddled patiently from policeman to policeman, whispering with delightful suavity, "Can you not tell me in what carriage Mrs. Chamberlain is?" But, as in the old rhyme—

> The bobby only shook his head,
> And drily answered, "No."

From time immemorial Cabinet Ministers in England have shown themselves most particular in their dress on the occasion of a Council; and during late years the tall hat, the black coat, and the dark trousers have been the only wear at such meetings. Six months ago, however, the Chief Secretary for Ireland startled Downingstreet by appearing in what is commonly known as a "billycock," and he has added to the enormity by wearing boots of untanned leather. Mr. Balfour had previously been known to be possessed of the eccentricity, not uncommon in France, of carrying his hat in his hand, whether the day was wet or fine; but this last offence against the canon of dress adopted by all other Cabinet Ministers for several decades proved too much for even the staid officials of the Foreign Office, who watched him with amaze as, taking two skips at a time, the Chief Secretary ascended the stairs looking as blithe as if no such country as Ireland had ever been created.

On the last day of February the students of the University of Munich celebrated the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Ignatius von Dollinger, one of the ripest scholars and most ardent champions of religious liberty whom modern Germany has produced. More than thirty years have elapsed since he wrote his great book, "Heathenism and Judaism," and nearly eigiteen since he was excommunicated on account of his vehement opposition to Papal Infallibility, yet he is still among us. The attainment of so great an age by so hard a worker and so brave a fighter reminds one of the wonderful vitality exhibited by so many remarkable men in this busy century. Prince von Bismarck, the coryphæus of modern diplomatists, will soon be seventy four. Count von Moltke is in his eighty-ninth year; Mr. Gladstone is in his eightieth year; Leopold von Ranke, the prince of modern historians, had passed his ninetieth year before "he had done his work and ta'en his wages;" Professor Franz Delitzsch, the great Hebraist, is in his seventy-seventh year, still writing and still learning; Lord Tennyson is not far from eighty; and Browning is only three years younger. Leo XIII. is seventy-eight years of age; Cardinal Manning is eighty-one; Cardinal Newman celebrated, only a few days ago, his eighty-eighth birthday.

Mr. James Russell Lowell celebrated his seventieth birthday on the same day as that which is observed throughout the United States as a holiday, being George Washington's birthday. Mr. Lowell himself wrote of the coincidence a few years ago as follows: "I had the misfortune to be born on the 22nd of February, and thus to be brought into competition every year with the most august figure in our history." In commemoration of the event the *Critic* published a number of columns of letters paying personal tributes to Mr. Lowell from distinguished persons in the United States and in England. Among the English contributors are Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Andrew Lang, and Lord Coleridge. Lord Tennyson writes: "I thank you for asking me to be among the numberless number of those who greet Mr. Lowell on his seventieth birthday. I wish I had seen more of him while he was among us. All blessings be upon him and upon his country." Mr. Gladstone says: "I cordially join in the proposed congratulation to Mr. Lowell, and I trust America may for a long time yet to come be adorned by his living character and genius, as she will assuredly in after years cherish his fame." Among American contributors are Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mr. Whittier, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Aldrich, and many others—in fact, almost all who are eminent in contemporary American literature.

Art and Artists.

On Thursday evening, March 7, the annual meeting of the Art Students' League was held and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. W. D. Blatchley, Vice-President, Mr. Wm. Thomson, Board of Control, comprising secretaries and treasurer, Messrs. Wm. Bengough, R. Holmes and C. M. Manley. After the election a short and interesting debate took place on the advisability of having an antique class in the league. This was followed by songs and recitations from Messrs. Thomson, Kelly and Jones.

Visitor (to exhibiting artist)—Ah! just arrived? Congratulations! You are on the line at last. It's a glorious bit, Al., one of your very best—such imagination, such depth, such boldness, such—— Exhibiting artist (gasping)—Good heavens, man! they've hung it upside down!

The coming exhibition of the British Humorists in Art, which is to be held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, London, under the auspices of that society, will be wide in its scope and subjects. It is to be illustrative of the social and political life in England for the past hundred years or more, and will include the works of all the well-known and several of the deserved-to-be-better-known caricaturists. It is proposed to begin with Gillray, but surely Hogarth should be the real starting point, so that perhaps Sir Joshua Reynolds may be seen in his more frisky mood. Rowlandson, Williams, Heath (Paul Pry), Isaac, Robert and George Cruikshank, the Doyles, Thackeray, Leech, Habl t K. Browne, Bennett, Du Maurier, Charles Keene, Tenniel, Harry Furniss, and Fred. Barnard, who is to-day doing his finest work, will be represented. In these works alone will be found the full history, private and scandaleuse, of a particularly interesting and piquant period, during which customs, dress, and Court, political, theatrical, sporting, and social life underwent the most violent changes. All these have been mercilessly traced by the caricaturists, who, with characteristic bitterness (which, however, was gradually softened under the influence of George Cruikshank and "H. B."), loved not only to raise a laugh against their victims, but also to vivisect them with their etching needles. There is little doubt that the coming show—the first of its kind ever held in London—will be found to compare favorably with that recently held in Paris, the birthplace of modern caricature art.

The exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which is being held in the national gallery at Ottawa this year, was opened on Tuesday evening. There were present Lord Stanley of Preston, Lady Stanley, Sir Chas. and Lady Tupper, Lady Macdonald, Sir Jas. Grant, Hon. G. W. Allan and many others. The President of the Academy, Mr. O'Brien, welcomed their Excellencies, and in a neat speech in reply Lord Stanley said he hoped those connected with the management of the Academy would endeavor to encourage its members to attain to that due study and recognition of artistic principles that lead to artistic fame; and also that there would be here developed an artistic body of a distinct Canadian type that would in time build up a collection of pictures which would be worthy of the proud place they all hope to see the Dominion attain among the nations.

Sir Chas. Tupper said that the Government was doing no more than its duty in aiding this academy, and that when a country had reached the development that Canada had, the time had come when there must be progress in art, literature and science. The following Montreal artists are represented: Mr. W. Raphael, Mr. R. Harris, Mr. W. Brymner, Mr. O. R. Jacobi and Mr. A. T. Taylor. Among the Toronto exhibitors are: Mr. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. J. T. Rolph, Mr. J. K. Lawson, Mr. J. C. Forbes, Mr. W. A. Sherwood. Mr. G. A. Reid, Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, Messrs. Strickland & Symons, Mr. M. Matthews, Mr. Seymour Penson and others.

VAN.

'Varsity Chat.

The elections this year promise to be of a calm and quiet order. The proposal to allow the graduates the privilege of voting for all offices, instead of as at present for that of president only, was voted down. The result of its adoption would have been the re-organization of the old inside and outside parties, now two years defunct. Under the present state of affairs the residence men think they have little or nothing to fight for. It is a regrettable fact, but still a fact, that residence men are unwilling to take individual rank as ordinary undergraduates. For two years, it is true, there has been a certain schism amongst them but only of a temporary nature. This year they are again a unit. An election in which only undergraduates vote has little attraction for them. They are a closer combination and prefer, with the help of a few undergraduate sympathizers, Rugby men and such, and of the grads. to defy the rest of the undergraduates. Hence the naturalness, so to speak, of the old party lines. However the old system is not to come in vogue this year. Next year may see a change. It depends on the character of the coming fight. If it be a hot one the need of the graduates will not be felt. If not there may be a revulsion of popular feeling in the graduates' favor. Of course we never had any need for them except for election purposes.

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The whole question is a debatable one. I believe elections are to a certain extent an end in themselves. Accordingly, if we cannot have a good election without the graduates, let us have them in. There are evils connected with their entrance, but the best we can do is to balance one thing against another. We cannot hope for perfection. Time will doubtless reveal the true course of action. It would be refreshing, however, if men would be good enough to avow their real intentions. All kinds of arguments are advanced, most of them hypocritical, and the real motive is deliberately disclaimed. But we cannot be fooled that way.

*

This is a little world. We have our sway of custom (too indulgent in this world), our distinctive manners, our little jealousies, our class distinctions, our prevalence of love, our minimum of hate, our uprightness, our insincerity, sacrifice and selfishness, magnanimity and meanness, popularity hunting and contempt for the same, modesty and presumption, intelligence and stupidity, reason and obstinacy, the luck of good nature, the neglect of ability, silent thinkers, thoughtless talkers, refinement and coarseness, ladies and gentlemen, boors, exits and entrances. At no one time is it so well worth while to have one's eyes open as at elections. Men take on new characters. Quiet men become noisy, listless men earnest, and if there is anything of the liar in a man it is moderately sure to come out. On the other hand honor is thoroughly tested. The man who steers a straight course through elections may be wondered at, laughed at, or (if his critic is too angry to laugh), he may be hated, but he will not be despised by any and he will be generally respected.

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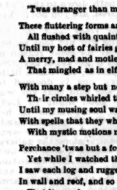
The society has suffered this year from causes which I trust and believe will not operate next year. The chief offenders graduate this spring. We never like to see any man plucked. The incoming president, whoever he may be, will do much to benefit the society if he maintains an absolute strictness on points of order and procedure and refrains from cooking up a sleek decision before he hears the debate.

NEMO.

The Fairy Fire.



Just half-asleep and half-awake,
I sat last night before the fire,
And let my tricksy fancy make
What seemed half true and half mistake,
Yet something I could half admire.

Each spark that crackled through the air
Was caught by fancy ere it fell,
And changed to sprite of beauty rare
Or imp with features far from fair—
'Twas stranger than my pen can tell.

There fluttering forms around me flew,
All flushed with quaintest magic life,
Until my host of fairies grew
A merry, mad and motley crew;
That mingled as in elfish strife.

With many a step but ne'er a sound,
Their circles whirled through light and shade,
Until my musing soul was bound
With spells that they while tripping round,
With mystic motions made.

Perchance 'twas but a foolish dream,
Yet while I watched the airy crew,
I saw each log and rugged beam
In wall and roof, and so I deem
That it, perchance, was partly true.

They showed me many a wondrous sight,
That seemed of life to be a part;
But that which gave me most delight
Was that, in all her beauty bright,
They brought me one who won my heart.

They placed her by my side, I thought;
Together many a scene we saw.
Saw what for both with joy was fraught;
Saw toil where, side by side, we wrought;
Saw round our years the shadows draw.

All this could scarce be but a dream,
And things we dream can seldom be;
Yet haply 'twas a visioned gleam
Of coming years more fair than seem
My fancied future years to me.

But this I know, that she was fair,
And one as fair I know full well,
Though I to hope it scarcely dare—
Yet she is kind. How I shall fare,
Perchance the fairies did but tell.

MERCHER.

Why She Called.

The other day a stout woman, armed with an umbrella, and leading a small urchin, called at the office of a boys' paper.

"Is this the place where they fight Indians?" she inquired of the gentleman in charge. "Is this the locality where the brave boys charges up the canyon, and sends a bullet to the heart of the dusky redskin? and she jerked the urchin round by the ear, and brought her umbrella down on the desk.

"We publish stories for boys," replied the young man evasively.

"I want to know if these are the premises in which the daring lad springs from his fiery mustang, and, darting through the circle of thunderstruck savages, cuts the captive's cord, and bears her away before the wondering Indians have recovered from their astonishment. That's the information I am after. I want to know if that sort of thing is perpetrated here!" and she swung the umbrella round her head.

"I don't remember those specific acts," protested the young man.

"I want to know if these are the precincts where the adventurous boy jumps on the back of a buffalo, and with unerring aim, picks off, one by one, the bloodthirsty pursuers, who bite the dust at every crack of his faithful rifle. I'm looking for the place where that sort of thing happens!" and this time she fetched the unlucky young man a tremendous whack across the head.

"I think——" commenced the dodging victim.

"I am in search of the locality in which the boy highwayman holds the quivering stage-driver powerless with his glittering eye, while he robs the male passengers with the adroitness born of long and tried experience, and kisses the hands of the lovely lady passengers with a gallantry of bearing that bespeaks noble birth and chivalrous nature," screamed the woman, driving the young man into a corner. "I'm looking for the place in which that sort of business is transacted," and down came the umbrella again with sledge-hammer force on the young man's head.

"Upon my word, ma'am, ——" gasped the wretched youth.

"I want to be introduced to the jars in which you keep the boy scouts of the Sierras! Show me the bins full of the boy pirates of the Spanish main! Point to me the barrels of the boy hunters of the prairie," and with each demand she dropped her umbrella on the young man's skull, until he skipped over the desk and sought refuge in a neighboring cellar. "I'll teach 'em, she panted, grasping the urchin by the ear and leading him off. "Want to fight Indians any more? Want to stand proudly upon the pinnacle of the mountain, and scatter the broad plain beneath with the bleeding bodies of uncounted slain? Want to say Hist! in a tone that brooks no contradiction? Propose to spring on the taffrail, and with a ringing word of command, send a broadside into the richly-laden galley, and then mercifully spare the beautiful maiden in the cabin, that she may become your bride, eh? Going to do it any more?"

With each question she hammered the yelping urchin until his bones were sore, and he protested his permanent abandonment of all the glories enumerated.

"Then come along," said she, taking him by the collar. "Let me catch you with any pokers and carving-knives, and you'll think the 'leaping, curling, resistless prairie fire has swept, with a ferocious roar of triumph, across the trembling plains,' and lodged in your knickerbockers to stay."

Improving the Memory.

The wise people who tell you how to improve your memory! Here is one who says you must think of "Washington." Then think of the first word which that naturally suggests, which may be "capitol" or "president." Then forget Washington and think of a word suggested by the second, and so on and so on until you have thought of a hundred words. Grand scheme, isn't it? Has a taking sound to it, although how that sort of a nightmare is going to help a fellow to remember "two spools of silk twist, contrasting shades of pale green and rich maroon, a sponge for the bath room half a dozen buttons like this, a piece of dress braid, Robbie's shoes, shade for the parlor lamp, box of laundry soap, man says he wants some harness oil, and don't forget to call on the—there's your trainurnun"—is more than a man with a small memory can exactly understand. However, we suppose a man who could remember Washington and a hundred other things by simply forgetting one as soon as he thought of another could remember anything.

Female Heroism.

"One day," said Marshal Massena, one of the most gallant of Napoleon's military commanders, "being at Buezengen, I perceived a young soldier belonging to the light artillery, whose horse had just been wounded by a lance. The young man, who appeared quite a child, defended himself desperately, as several bodies of the enemy lying around him could testify. I immediately dispatched an officer and some men to his assistance, but they arrived too late. Although this action has taken place on the borders of the wood, and in front of the bridge, this artilleryman had alone withstood the attack of a small party of Cossacks and Bavarians, whom the officer and men I had dispatched put to flight. His body was covered with wounds inflicted by shots, lances and swords. There were at least thirty. And do you know, madame, what the young man was?" said Massena, turning to me.

"A woman!"

"Yes, a woman, and a handsome woman, too, although she was so covered with blood that it was difficult to judge of her beauty. She had followed her lover to the army. The latter was a captain of artillery; she never left him; and, when he was killed, defended like a lioness the remains of him she loved. She was a native of Paris; her name was Louise Belletz; and she was the daughter of a fringe-maker in the Rue de Petit Lion."

The Dignity of Labor.

Mrs. Pemmican—Now since I've given you something to eat, you can take this shovel and clean the snow off my sidewalk.

Childe Vittles (a tramp)—Beg parding, Ma'am; but I see that shovel was made by a non-union firm; and my sentiments regarding the dignity of labor won't permit me to handle it.

On The Car.

Kirby Stone—I'll bet that young fellow yonder is wearing his first silk hat.

Job Lott—How can you tell?

Kirby Stone—Didn't you see how he ducked his head on entering the car?

Just a Plain Feline.

Mrs. Catnip—Just notice how cunnin' an' cute Kitty is. She's the most knowin' cat I ever see!

Pringleton (the star boarder, as the old lady goes out for more chicken)—She does appear to be a little above the average, doesn't she?—*Puck.*

After the Runaway.

Long Island Farmer—You don't look 'xactly like a tramp. What yer doin' in thar?

Mr. Montmorency Liverson—My friend, this is all that's left of our Hempstead straw-ride. There are just fourteen of us under this pile.—*Judge.*

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER III.

Lady Adela, advancing into the great drawing room of the Towers—a room sombrely magnificent and stately—with the light of repressed fun still lingering in her hazel eyes, and leaving them dazzled by the brightness of numerous wax-lights after the soft dusk of the great hall, could at first hardly see her hostess at all. She felt her gloved hand taken in another, felt a kiss that was like the contact of a piece of ice upon her forehead, and heard and responded to a conventional word or two of clear-toned welcome. Then, between a few questions as to her journey, she was able to look at Lady Oldcastle.

She was a handsome woman, not tall, and in a certain breadth and massiveness of figure strongly resembling her son. The old likeness ended. Lady Oldcastle's skin was fair, and her still luxuriant hair, almost flaxen, of that peculiar lint-like blue which is the last show any signs of gray; her features were delicate; her blue eyes, undimmed by her fifty years, were a lustrous; her arms and hands, relieved by a fall of lace, were large and fair. That in her younger days she had been beautiful with a brilliant blonde beauty could not be doubted. Her voice matched her face and figure well. It had no sweetness, no softness; but it was clear and full. Adela looked at her, and made up her mind without any doubt or hesitation at all. She disliked Lady Oldcastle intensely.

No one else had entered the drawing-room when, as the clock struck eight, dinner was announced, and covers were laid for only for three in the dining-room. Obviously, then, Mr. Oldcastle's second son was not at the Towers, thought Adela, and, thinking so, she experienced a sense of disappointment. She had certainly expected to see him, and she had hoped that he would prove to be "nicer" than his brother. With a hostess to whom she was conscious of having taken an antipathy at first sight, and a host who in no way resembled any of the young men with whom Adela had "sessions" had brought her into contact, her banishment certainly promised to be an uncomfortably penitential affair. This conviction made her perversely determined to write an enthusiastic letter to the Countess in the morning, praising Oldcastle Towers and everybody in it "up to the skies." For she was not penitent, and did not intend to be.

It was not a very cheerful meal; for Sir Guy, disposed of his dinner with an air at once business-like and abstracted, and spoke very little, though pleasantly enough in his blunt, grave way; and Lady Adela made up her mind that Lady Oldcastle must be habitually dignified and silent. She decided also that the pleasantest of understandings did not exist between mother and son. Her bright spirits might have sunk again, but for her vivid remembrance of the dismalness of the dinners in Mayfair since she had refused Viscount Tatton-Pakenham; dinners at which her mother had sat and sighed with meek reproachfulness, and her uncle had glared wrathfully from under his thick eyebrows. Yes, Oldcastle Towers was an improvement upon that, certainly; and, besides, she had decided to make the best of it, at any rate, and to like it if she could.

She responded eagerly when dinner came to a conclusion and Lady Oldcastle, as she settled herself in a great bowed chair, intimated that she would make herself quite at home at the Towers, more especially as they lived a very quiet life there in general, and did not wish to make a stranger of her. It was said kindly, though somewhat stiffly; and Adela, experiencing her first sensation of warmth towards her hostess, thanked her in her prettiest, most unaffected way.

Presently, leaving the elder lady reading quietly in her great chair, she went out into the sweet June darkness. She strolled up and down a broad walk flanked by a tall yew-hedge, afraid to venture much farther from the house yet, and thought how beautiful the moonlight was, and how mysteriously the great trees bowed and rustled as the gentle night breeze stole through them. Then she thought of Angel, that strange fierce-tempered little creature, with her queer, passionate outburst upon the stairs—the pretty little, gentle, quiet-looking young governess, whose depression she put down to Lady Oldcastle as a matter of course; and then she thought of Sir Guy.

Where was he? she wondered idly. Not in the dining-room—she had heard him leave it immediately after his mother had gone, and he need not have taken himself off like that, at any rate. In spite of those few formal words of his, he was making the fact that her presence was unwelcome a little too plain. Then she turned a corner of the path and saw him a few feet in advance, strolling towards her with his hands behind him, smoking a cigar, and bareheaded like herself.

"You seem to like the outside of the Towers better than the inside, Lady Adela," he said, surveying her with a look so inscrutable that she wondered whether he wished her farther or not. Won't you take cold in that thin dress?"

"I don't think so—the evening is so warm; and it was too much trouble to run up-stairs for a wrap." After all, he was not half so bad at having encountered her, it seemed, for, instead of passing on, he turned and walked at her side. "Lady Oldcastle tells me I resemble as I like, and so I did it by coming out here," she said, smiling. "Oh, don't throw away your cigar, please—I like it, really!"

"I admire your taste," he answered quietly—"as to your preference for being out here, I mean, not as to the cigar!" He smiled a little, and looked at her with a certain cool criticism. "I should hardly have thought that you had gone through the rush and turmoil of two seasons. They have not entirely demoralized you, at any rate."

"Are they demoralizing?" she asked. She was a little surprised. His talk had the same effect upon her that his face had had; she did not know whether she liked it or not.

"I think so—in a perfectly proper sense, of course," he added with a quiet laugh that half smile as he saw her involuntary little puzzled frown. "Vanity and vexation of spirit, envy, hatred and all uncharitableness are hardly a fair sermon sing that!—isn't that about the chief fruit of them?"

"Sometimes, perhaps." She shook her head as if to shake away her perplexity, and looked up at him with a little laugh of frank amusement. "I'll confess I have often thought that I should like to be as fascinating as one or two of the girls I know, just as, I dare say, they have often thought they would like to be as rich as they know I shall be some day. But don't you think, Sir Guy, that you are just a little severe upon us? And you can hardly claim to be a good judge, you know, or you'd—because, you see, I don't think you speak from personal experience exactly."

"How do you know that I do not?" he asked, with some slight amusement in his dark face.

"Well, you are never in London," Adela returned promptly; "or, at any rate, I suppose you are not, else, if you had been there, I should have seen you, or heard your name at least."

"It hardly follows, I think, he said, drily. "But you are right to a certain extent. I know very little of London life—as you see it and understand it. I tried it once for a season eight years ago, when I came of age, and found that I suited it as little as it suited me. One experiment was enough for me, and I have never cared to repeat it."

So he was nine-and-twenty, Adela reflected rapidly. He was just eight years older than she was, then—not that that mattered.

"But there are more Londons than one, you see," Sir Guy resumed; "or rather there are an enormous number of phases in which one may view the great problem of London life, like a gigantic puzzle to me than anything else, I think, and a miserably saddening one. And of its sadder sides I hope," he added, with a glance at the pretty dainty face and figure, "that I know more than you know or ever will know."

The girl was interested now; no one, she thought, had ever talked to her in just that way before. She looked up eagerly into the dark face beside her.

"Go on," she said simply, "please."

"Go on and tell you something about it?" he commented, with another amused look. "How you would pity me! My hands would be blood-brushed from your peach, Lady Adela? Don't you think you had better keep your bright belief undisturbed? It is a pity when one must shatter the magic crystal you look through; or at least its charm might never be the same again."

"So much the better, if it makes me see things wrongly," said the girl quickly. "But I am not so foolish, Sir Guy, as to think that there are no suffering, wrong, and trouble in the world, and terrible sin and poverty too. I know it is a sad and dreadful place for thousands of people; and don't think that I am heartless enough to be supposed to care not to care. I have wished often, when I have read dreadful things and heard them talked about, that I were a man and free to do something instead of feeling helpless and young. So," she added, in a quieter tone, and flushing as she thought of her own out-pokeness, "I don't think you need fear to shatter any pleas and delusions of mine if you do tell me some of your experiences."

"Some other time, if you will. For the present, shall I tell you two other things?"

"What are they?" she asked, with some wonder.

"First, that it is a thousand pities that your people ever tried at all to spoil you by forcing you through such a wretched farce as a London season; and, secondly, that you were perfectly right when you refused to marry—what is his name?—Viscount Tatton Pakenham, Sir Guy said coolly.

They had left the broad yew-edged walk by this time, and were close to a gate which stood open to a paved court that lay outside a small structure built at the back of the main body of the Towers, although attached to it, and evidently of much more more modern date. Tea was being served in the long side room to this court, and both were lighted up. Between them a door stood open too, and upon its step Adela saw lying the enormous dog which had scared Pinkum in the drive. Sir Guy stepped at the gate, and tossed away the end of his cigar.

"Instead of initiating you into the mysteries of what I believe has been dubbed 'slumming,' Lady Adela, may I introduce you to a *protégé* of mine who knows more about it than all the ladies and gentlemen who have lately taken a fancy to stir the mud and shriek at it and do little else? He will be a new experience to you, and he won't shock you, although he was born in it, bred in it, and degraded in it, until a year or so back. Until quite lately I used to wonder, comparing the mental operations of the two, which had the larger share of intelligence—the so-called man or Rob Roy yonder. The balance was on the brute, I venture to think. May I show you this product of our nineteenth century?"

The girl's curious eyes answered for her; and they crossed the court and stopped outside the window to the right of the door, Rob Roy rising with a stretch and a mighty yawn to push his great nose into his master's hand as they stood to look into the room.

It was a sitting-room or study, lined down one of its sides with books from ceiling to floor, and very plainly furnished. Indeed there was nothing superfluous or ornamental about it excepting some delicately chased gold and silver plate which stood on the mantel-shelf and on brackets placed here and there upon the walls. A pair of tiny pistols, their stocks inlaid with gold, were fastened crosswise against the wall too.

Lady Adela's eyes, as keen as they were bright, noticed these in her rapid, exhaustive glance round; but her attention became immediately riveted upon the person at whom she had been brought to look, and who, seated at the center table, with a shaded reading lamp throwing its full light upon his face and figure, was intent upon an open copy-book before him.

He was a new experience to Adela Nugent. He was a tall, shambling, loose-jointed young fellow, sharp-shouldered and narrow chested; his tow-colored close-cut hair stood up in jagged tufts, his protruding forehead and brows almost hid his small eyes. It was a face and figure bred in hopeless, pitiful thousands by the miseries and grindings of poverty; but to the girl it was new, and as terrible as new.

She glanced round at her companion, found that his dark eyes were curiously and intently fixed upon her face, then looked back again, watching the unconscious writer and the uncertain pen. It was odd to see how weak and inoffensive the same brute was, she reflected, half to note the sharp, anxious look that followed the shaping of the imperfect letters, as much as to see the bright flame in the lamp have been had a child's chubby, rosy fingers guided the staggering pen. The helplessness and ignorance of a child were there indeed, but nothing else that makes childhood lovely.

Adela hardly knew how it was that the tears sprang into her eyes. She quite forgot that they were wet and her lips were trembling when she turned again and looked into Sir Guy's quietly attentive face.

"Speak to him," she said quickly. "Won't you?"

He smiled, and tapped the ledge of the open window smartly. The young man looked up with a start that sent a blotch of ink across the paper, and got up quickly. The erect attitude made the awkwardness of his ill-shapen figure more apparent, but the look that was something that redeemed its ungracefulness and the ugliness of his face alike in his sudden smile, his look of pleasure and welcome.

Sir Guy leaned his arm on the sill as he looked into the room.

"Well, Blister, lad, how goes it? How do you get on by this time?" he asked pleasantly.

"Dunno, sir." Blister put down his pen on the table carefully, and, smoothing his lank cheek and dodging as one expecting a cuff, looked dubiously. "They ain't over and above up to dick, Sir Guy, they ain't—and that's the truth," he said, shaking his shaggy head.

"Never mind them now—have another turn at them in the morning. I want you to take a message down to the lodge for me. Here it is. Take Rob Roy with you."

Sir Guy had been scribbling a line or two on a leaf of his pocket-book. Now, as he held out that leaf and the other advanced to take it, his eyes fell upon Lady Adela's white robed figure and sweet, half-wistful, half-amused face. He had forgotten, in his absorbed interest, and showed it by his violent start and the dull crimsoning of his sallow skin. As, with some instinct of politeness, he ducked his head to her, Sir Guy spoke quietly.

"This is my friend and fellow-workman, Augustus Larbalister, Lady Adela," he said. "To-morrow he will show you our workshop, if you care to see it. There's the message, lad. Give it to Jodley himself, and tell him to mind he attends to it—that's all."

Blister took the scrap of folded paper, ducked his head to Adela again, backed away from the window, and in a moment appeared in the doorway. At a sign from his master, Rob Roy bounded after him out of the court.

Guy looked after the loose-jointed shambling figure, and then back at his companion.

"Well," he said drily, "what do you think of him?"

"—I hardly know," the girl returned, stammering; "it is all so strange to me." Then her sweet tact and kindness told her the right thing to say, and she added, "I can only tell that he is very fond of you, and that he has reason to be."

"Poor lad! he has little enough to thank me for!" Sir Guy returned indifferently. "He has given me as much interest as I have given him benefit; it's a mere bargain. Let him show you our workshop to-morrow, Lady Adela. It will please him, if it doesn't interest you."

"Your workshop!" the girl echoed curiously, pausing in the gateway of the court.

"Yes"—Sir Guy carelessly indicated the second of the windows—"I amuse myself in my time in a sort of hanging loosely with me if I don't contrive to keep my hands employed. My mother doesn't like it—in fact, the whole thing annoys her, and so I think that place pender that I might do so as little as possible. As for my fellow-workman himself, he is quite a shocking subject."

"I won't speak of him to Lady Oldcastle," Adela said quickly, conceiving that the drily-spoken words were meant as a warning.

It amused her to find herself suddenly upon almost confidential terms with this cold, grim man; but it pleased her too, if only for the freshness of it. Certainly, if he took a task to her and be polite to her in his careless, unpolished fashion, he might make her stay at the Towers not less dull, if not more, more pleasant. She looked at him as if she had been used thus to walk and talk with him all her life, as they got into the yew-hedged walk again, and asked—

"Why do you call him 'Blister'?"

"Why?" Sir Guy laughed shortly. "That's a little correct name given by the unorthodox baptism of popular vote. His name is Larbalister, as I said; the wits of his native courts and alleys contrived it by the shortest more within their comprehension. He has a liking for the name, I found, and so I usually give it to him—that's all. I should advise you to come in now, Lady Adela—the wind blows chilly from the water."

The girl had indeed shivered in her thin, white dress; but she waited a moment or two, looking towards the broad, bright line of sea, trying to fancy that she could really see the Kent coast shining in the moonlight beyond. Inwardly she resolved that she would certainly wake up that stupid Pinkum in the morning and go down to the beach before breakfast. Oldcastle Towers stood so high that the shining waste was quite below her; to the left lay the few tiny straggling cottages of a little hamlet, so small that Wilcross hardly it was almost a town—to the right was a stretch of rough down, intersected by paths which evidently led to the cliffs and thence down to the beach. It was very beautiful, with a certain wildness and ruggedness did not render it less so.

The girl drew a little sigh of satisfaction, and, turning round, found that she was being watched intently by Sir Guy's dark eyes. He looked away at once; but it embarrassed her a little. It was the third time that she had thus discovered him furtively watching her; and for the first time she wondered almost anxiously what he thought of her, although she had not yet absolutely decided what she thought of him.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Oldcastle was found in the drawing-room, seated still in the great brocaded chair in which Lady Adela had left her; but she was not reading. Her book lay on the carpet at her feet, as though it had slipped from her unheeding hands, and, with her chin supported on her palm, she sat musing deeply and so deeply that the girl had ample time to notice how anxious and brooding was the expression of the handsome face.

Sir Guy saw it too, and raised his black brows with a quick frown; then he crossed quietly to a distant chair, took up a book, and appeared to become absorbed in it, as Lady Oldcastle roused herself with a palpable effort and looked at her young guest—her son she did not notice at all.

"You have been out, Adela, have you not? Surely rather improvident, my dear, on so chilly a night, with no wrap!"

"It is not chilly—it is lovely!" Adela asserted quickly; even her hostess' somewhat oppressive dignity and coldness could not quench her buoyant spirits. "It looks beautiful in the distance. I mean to be very good in the morning, and go down to the beach before breakfast. I may, may I not?"

"Certainly, my dear, if you wish it"—Lady Oldcastle looked at the flushed, eager girlish face with a faint smile—"but I should not advise you to go alone—the distance is greater than it looks, and the path down to the cliff is rough. You are very tired, are you not? You look so."

Lady Adela was not tired, and she felt perfectly certain that she did not look so; but she felt certain also that for some reason or other her hostess desired to get rid of her. So, with one of the transparent, inevitable little hypocrisies which every one is doomed to practice more or less, she said that she was very tired, and bade good night to Lady Oldcastle and her son, with a kiss for her surprise, came out of his chair to shake hands with and to open the door for her. She went across the hall, up the stairs, along the gallery, and down the corridor, and so got to her own rooms at last, where she found Pinkum sitting bolt upright in the dark—he had been lighted and was welcome, although the night was so warm, for Oldcastle Towers was a somewhat chilly place with all its stateliness—trying not to go to sleep, and be scolded for her.

Pinkum brightened up amazingly however upon her young mistress' appearance, and straightway became as talkative as she had just been sleepy. She had not been lonely, it seemed; for the maid who had brought up the tea, who was a good humoured, gossiping lass, had been keeping her company, and had given her a good deal of graphic information respecting both Oldcastle Towers and its inhabitants, which was no less graphically retailed for Adela's enlightenment.

Pinkum was inquisitive, the girl was communicative, and no doubt the two had both enjoyed themselves very much. So Lady Adela, sitting by the fire in her dressing-gown, with a look of pleasure and weariness upon her shoulders, learnt that the Towers was as dull a place as well could be, for, beyond a stately dinner now and then, very few guests came to it, and as few visits were paid in return, that her lady-ship would associate only with great people, and of great people there was a sad dearth in the neighbourhood; that the Lady Oldcastle was a hard mistress, though a just one, and proud from the crown of her head to her toe; that she was long fond of her own way in all things—in the times of the late Sir Guy she had had it always, but not now, since her elder son was every whit as determined as his brother-self was; also that every one in the Towers knew perfectly well that her ladyship was not fond of Sir Guy—that she never had been from the time he was a boy—while it was also very well known that she absolutely worshipped her second son, Mr. Marmaduke, who was not often at home, lifting a foreign life here, and who was the image of his dead father, not the least like his brother, being the handsomest, gayest, brightest-tempered young gentleman that ever was seen.

As for Sir Guy himself, he was not like a gentleman at all, being always pottering about in his works-hop, as he called it, or going off with the fishermen for long sails through whole nights of blustering weather, or starting off suddenly on rough walking-tours with only a knapsack and his dog. But he was a good master, for all his queer ways, in spite of his grimness and bluntness, though having a sharp tongue when he liked, and set on having his own way when he took it into his head—in which he was as unlike his father as he was in face and figure, since any one and every one had been able to twist the late Sir Guy round their fingers especially her ladyship, and, if her ladyship was not fond of Sir Guy, neither, it seemed, was he fond of Mr. Duke, for the two were sure to quarrel whenever the latter came home. It was suspected that Mr. Duke was extravagant, and that that made his elder brother angry—"which it needn't, seeing that he himself was rich enough and too rich; he had no call to be so stingy," the maid had added resentfully, plainly showing by words and manner that besides, guy Mr. Duke had her affections possessed him his mother.

To this and a great deal more of the same kind, told with the utmost prolixity and circumlocution, Lady Adela listened drowsily, and then began immediately to scold her attendant for having imparted it.

"You're getting a most dreadful gossip, Pinkum!" she said reprovingly. "You ought to have made that silly girl leave off chattering. What in the world can it matter to you or to me which of her sons Lady Oldcastle likes the better or which is the nicer of the two? I hope you did not in return enlighten her as to my affairs, for I could be very pleasant truly to have them know that I was sent away from home like a child in disgrace—stood in the corner, as it were—and have to listen to tittering and giggling among themselves about it. Pinkum, you're not to tell them anything, mind! I won't be made so ridiculous!" Adela looked into the fire thoughtfully, contrasting long trees of her soft hair round her little hand. "Mr. Marmaduke Oldcastle must be nice, I should think," she at last continued, half to herself, in the most flagrant inconsistency, "Did your wonderfully talkative friend say so, Pinkum?"

"Ah, sure that she did, my lady!" cried Pinkum enthusiastically, forgetting her late snub, like the most amiable of women as she was. "The handsomest, finest young gentleman entirely that ever your blessed two eyes on! Ah, it's him that ought to have been the master, I'm thinking, instead of that black-eyed Sir Guy, that looks as though every ship's presence, grim and black enough for one of ould Cromwell's Ironsides, had luck to 'em! It isn't me anyhow that wonders that it's the other young gentleman her ladyship's fond of, at all, at all!"

"What a stupid thing you are, Pinkum!" said Lady Adela, ungratefully and sleepily.

Sir Guy did not go back to his chair and his book after dinner, but stood leaning by the door when she left the drawing-room. He turned and moved a pace or two towards his mother's chair.

"I'll bid you good night now, mother; I shall not see you again probably."

"Are you going out then?" Lady Oldcastle questioned drily, glancing at the clock.

"For a sail, you mean! Not to-night—merely to my own den. Good-night."

He turned towards the door; Lady Oldcastle called after him.

"Wait, Guy, if you please. Since you have nothing to do, you can probably spare me half an hour."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

He did not seat himself, but stood leaning against the chimney-piece near her, waiting for what she had to say. Remembering their relationship, it was strange to see the bearing and expression of the two. The blue eyes of the handsome mother rested, as they often, on some what unainly and ungraceful figure and the grave, swarthy, powerful face of her son with utter absence of tenderness, without softness of maternal tenderness. From his childhood—nay, from his very helpless babyhood—Olivia Oldcastle had loved her first-born son of the two in one, quietly meeting her look with his sombre and melancholy gaze, knew it, and had known it in bitterness for long.

"We came in with Adela, I saw," Lady Oldcastle began abruptly. "Did you take her out, may I ask?"

"No; I merely came across her outside."

"And walked with her? Surely an unnecessarily unpleasant task for you!" Lady Oldcastle said sarcastically. "I should—remembering your peculiarities—hardly advise you to repeat it."

Guy shrugged his shoulders.

"A matter of opinion, I think. As to my repeating it, I may or I may not. She is likely to find her stay here dull enough at the best."

"If she does, she has no one but herself to blame," returned his mother coldly, "since nothing but her own childish folly is the cause of her being here. What do you think of her?"

"Very pretty, I think, and very like her mother," said Sir Guy, drily.

"I am disappointed in her," Lady Oldcastle resumed, speaking irritably, and seeming to take no heed of her son's reply, save that it had expres-ed nothing. "She is not in the least like her father—Charles Nugent—and seems to take the handsomest of his family; she must resemble her mother, and those remarkable shopkeeping relations of hers. She is pretty enough, I grant; but is not at all perfectly ladylike in her manner. There is really nothing in the least distinguished about her."

"Blood, perhaps," Sir Guy, nonchalantly, "even shopkeeping blood will tell, it seems."

"I must allow also that her manners are very fair," Lady Oldcastle continued, ignoring the interjection as she had formerly ignored the reply; "but she is much too childish and impulsive. I certainly expected nothing from family Plumptre's training—thus it always pleased her ladyship to speak of Lady Nugent, scornfully making nothing of the countess-ship. I'm afraid she will be very flighty, and do thousand pounds—"but I should have decidedly thought that two London seasons would have formed her a little."

"I have no doubt they did their best," Sir Guy rejoined, in his most caustic tones. "But you did not ask me to remain here that we might discuss Adela Nugent's manners, surely. What is it that you wish to say, or to tell me?"

"I regret that I encroach upon your time," Lady Oldcastle retorted frosily. "I wished to ask you a question. Have you heard from Marmaduke of late?"

"Bless me, more troubles me with letters, as you know, mother, except upon one subject. The last time he did so I made it—as you also know—tolerably clear to him that he would be waste of time to do so I again. I have not head from him."

"I have," Lady Oldcastle returned. "No doubt he appeals to your generosity, as you have made it plain to him that it is useless to do so to you. He is, it seems, in great need money just at present."

Without raising his eyes, Guy shrugged his shoulders. "Of course! What else?" the gesture expressed as plainly as words could have done.

His mother looked at him and turned pale even to her rigidly-set lips. Her large fair hands clenched on the arms of her high-backed chair as though she could have crushed its carven oaks to powder. The bitterest task which ever fell to the unyielding woman was was before her now—she had to plead to the son she hated for the son whom she adored!

"As you will be aware, Guy," she went on, forcing her voice to be almost indifferent, while her frosty-blue eyes were fixed intently upon him, "I have no means of sending to your brother as he requires—and of course must have. My resources are nearly exhausted, as you know. Duke's own wretched pittance is not sufficient for him. It is inevitable that he should be in debt and embarrassed."

"He has seven hundred a year," observed Sir Guy frigidly.

"And you have nine thousand!" retorted Lady Oldcastle bitterly. "His father's will was a flagrant injustice to Marmaduke. You know it!"

"I am at least blameless in that, mother. I had nothing to do with its making," Sir Guy returned, with cold patience. He passed his hand across his forehead, pushing back his heavy, dark hair. "Surely," he said, "we have debated this enough, and wrung out of it all the bitterness which it is possible to wring! Let it rest, mother. I repeat that I am not responsible for the amount of Duke's income. And surely I am not to blame that I, and not he, was my father's eldest son!"

Lady Oldcastle's eyes flashed.

"I would with all my soul that he and not you stood before me the master of Oldcastle Towers and its dependencies!" that fierce look said, as she not see it. If he had, it would have told him nothing new.

"The fact that you are so," she said slowly, scathingly, "should at least make you commonly considerate of your brother's needs. You cannot pretend that it is reasonable that he should keep within his means."

"There is no pretence about it, mother. I certainly say that he should do so. If his income is not enough for him, let him increase it. He is strong and fairly intelligent, I believe. He should work—as I should do were I in his place."

"It is a pity," Lady Oldcastle said scoffingly, clasping her hands tightly, and turning paler still, "that you have not set him so good an example."

"It is not a necessity in my case," her son rejoined dryly; "nor indeed is it feasible. The mastership of a place like this is a task in itself. There is responsibility attached to every rood of the soil. I do my best to discharge it, and to do my duty to the people who live upon it—you know that. Had I my own unbiased choice to consult," he added, looking down gloomily, "I would be a poor man to-morrow and work for my bread—perhaps for wife and child."

The last words, said musingly, were hardly above a whisper; but his mother heard them. A deep flush swept over her white face; she half rose, and then sank back heavily into her chair. For a moment or two there was a deep silence; then Lady Oldcastle spoke indifferently, almost languidly, her clear full tones at their coldest.

"As you reminded me just now, Guy, this is not an unprofitable discussion. I will leave it and go back to your brother. He is at Baden, and embarrassed, as I said. He must of course be relieved from those embarrassments. Will you read his letter?"

"There is hardly any necessity, mother. Doubtless I may say that I know its contents."

Lady Oldcastle rose now. It was impossible for her to sit while he stood, giving her that mechanical, enforced attention, with averted eyes and an air of being inexpressibly bored by a tale told too often. It was hard a struggle before she was able to say quietly:

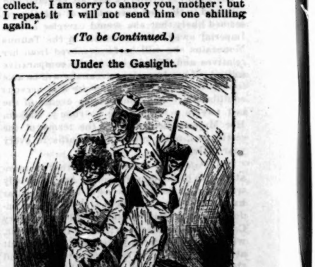
"The little that I could spare to send Duke to my mind would be of no use to him. Nevertheless he must be relieved from his present position, and that without delay. You must help him, Guy."

"I will not do it, mother."—"You will not!" She had literally breath for no further words, but her face was white yet.

"I will not. I have helped him too often. I will not send him a shilling to be squandered away on the gaming-table or flung to race-course cheats. I would sooner take it and toss it out into the sea yonder. If he is embarrassed, let him do as he had to do once before our father's death—sell his horses, and the scores of useless valuables it pleases him to collect. I am sorry to annoy you, mother; but I repeat it I will not send him one shilling again."

(To be Continued.)

Under the Gaslight.



Armand—(who has just proposed)—Pore liddle honey, yo' looks blue! I'a'fraid yo'a cold.
Pauline—Dat ain't cold, Gawge; dat's blushes!

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BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TEST OF HER LOVE.

The impulse which caused Dell to write to Tully had been growing within her from the moment he left her on the evening night of her engagement. Though it had grown late before he departed she at once sent for Bee McKinley and confided, amidst tears and blushes, the result of her attempt to rescue Mrs. King.

"I told you so, Dell," cried Bee, with enthusiasm. "Now I'm sorry I did because you will begin to suspect your motives and fancy all sorts of terrible things. I can see you are at it now and that you sent for me to confess, so begin and I'll show you what an auntie I can be to you!"

"Oh, Bee!" sighed Dell, "why did you discover my trouble so quickly, it makes me feel as if you had suspected me all along. Didn't you now? don't be afraid; tell me just what you thought!"

"There now, just what I thought!" exclaimed Bee, her brow a frown, "you have begun to question yourself to me and no matter what I say you will suspect yourself of having been a fraud. Dell Browning, if you go back on me and my advice, hereafter we must meet as strangers. I'm discouraged with you. It seems as if you were determined to be unhappy and to make everybody else so. Now state your grievance and I'll decide, but remember if my decision is not accepted as final we part for ever."

Bee's tragic intensity seemed to arouse Dell for a moment, but her beautiful face lengthened and the lovely eyes saddened as she sat and thought before she replied.

"Don't try to be facetious, Bee, because what you say increases my fears," she said, after a long pause. "He told me about that girl—his bookkeeper—Cora Burnham, I think her name is; you've heard of her, I know, and it seems to me as if she and I were to be put on the same plane—as if we had indeed been considered together, and Tully decided that I had the strongest claim, and proposed to me on that account."

"But, Dell, he wooed you long before he felt that your property had been lost by his carelessness. How do you account for that?"

"It may have been my money, then. He was poor and anxious to establish himself, and had never analyzed his motives. Later, when he began to see his mistakes, he resolved to make amends where his follies had done most harm."

"I'm going home, Dell Browning! No, I won't stay another minute. You are in love and unreasonable. We shall quarrel if we try to argue it out; I could almost pull your hair now. Happiness comes and offers itself to you and you deliberately sit down and try to find excuse for refusing it. I——

"Don't, Bee; do be reasonable yourself and talk it over."

"I won't!" retorted Bee, sharply; "it's useless. A blind man could have seen that Tully has been in love with you for more than a year, and if you are determined to wreck him and make yourself unhappy for life, you must do it alone. I wash my hands of the whole business. Good night!"

"Bee, will you go like this when I need a friend so badly?" cried Dell, almost in tears.

"Yes, I am going just like this," answered Bee in a hurt tone. "What you need is not my advice, but something to bring you to your senses. If you regain consciousness any time to morrow, send for me. Mamma told me to hurry back, but I would have disobeyed her if I could have been of use to you. As it is, I cannot; good night, again. Never mind seeing anyone with me."

When Bee had gone Dell's thoughts, with that perverse tendency which always rings reaction after moments of joy or exaltation, more strongly than ever impelled her to renounce Tully and hasten away from the fascination of his presence. Tears blotted two letters but the third was sealed, and then she wrote a note to Mrs. King saying that on the morrow she would join some friends who were going south. For fear she might change her mind, she had Sarah go with her to mail them and was surprised that no relief came to her even after it was impossible to reverse her decision.

"You look poorly, mum," Sarah hinted, sympathetically, when they returned. "I ope there haint nothink the matter, mum!"

"No, Sarah, there is nothing the matter. I have a headache, that's all. I'm going away in the morning to be gone a long time and will need you to help me pack my trunks——"

"Not for good, mum, I 'ope," cried Sarah in alarm. "I'd break my 'eart, mum, it would, indeed," and the poor girl burst into tears.

"Don't speak of such a thing, Sarah," said Dell, startled into a more reserved attitude. "I'm going south with some friends and though I hardly know when I may come back, I'll be certain to return some time."

The packing of Dell's numerous belongings began early in the morning but was yet unfinished when Mrs. Flambert made her appearance.

After a sleepless night and the worrying work of the morning Dell looked utterly miserable. Dark circles were about her eyes, her hair was disordered and her gown rumpled.

"Lord bless me, Dell, what is the matter with you," demanded Mrs. Flambert, when she met her. "You look as if you had been crying all night—not about that rascal, Tully, I hope!"

Dell raised her eyes steadily to meet Mrs. Flambert's gaze, and the two women looked at each other with a strange reserve. Mrs. Flambert's face was unreasonable when she was silent, and Dell's pride had, for the moment, come to her rescue

"I—I don't know why I should look so woebegone," began Dell. "Or why you should think I had been cry—"

A sudden softening of Mrs. Flambert's hand some, almost reckless, face, a filling with tears of the brilliant eyes, and trembling of the full red lips, startled Dell from her proud but ineffectual attempt to ignore her suffering, and in a moment they were weeping hysterically in each other's arms.

Electricity, telegraphy—nothing grosser than women's intuitions, than women's nerves, will ever refine human beings into such instantaneous communication as the feminine affinity when there is "something wrong," and love seeks to find it out or repair the damage.

"You have heard," whispered Mrs. Flambert. "I know you have."

"Heard what?" questioned Dell with alarm.

"About Tully!"

"No; nothing. What is wrong?" she asked with a sudden huskiness and hardening of her voice.

"Really, Dell, have you heard nothing?"

"Not a word."

"About the villainies he and Killick have been into?"

"No; nothing," answered Dell, her voice growing steadier, her eyes calmer and her head uplifting itself with sudden pride and resentment.

"I have been wrong," said Mrs. Flambert, brokenly. "It seems after all that he is a scamp unworthy of confidence, and I could have sworn to his honorable intentions."

"What has happened?" questioned Dell, withdrawing herself from Mrs. Flambert's embrace.

"Why, Flam came home late last night and told me about the way Tully had used Teddy Grigsby in pretending to act for him while Killick was helping the Kahns to secret their stock and abscond from the town. Then came an account of how Tully had helped Col. Moore and the Loan Company to rob you, and my blood boiled, but when I found out that Tully had managed the whole thing so as to have Cora Burnham made the heiress—or her father the time made the heir of Col. Moore's estates—I was wild. I've always told Flam that Killick was a scoundrel, but he never believed it till yesterday, and then went down to the office and demanded a settlement. Tully told him he knew nothing of his affairs and that Killick was sick and had not been down. Flam told Tully he believed they were a pair of consummate scoundrels, and Tully replied that he could believe what he liked, as far as he was concerned he had never handled a dollar of Flam's money and never wanted to. Flam is wild and has been trying to see Killick this morning already but the nurse refused him. He believes that the old villain isn't in the city at all, and that there is going to be a terrible crash, what with Killick's frauds and Tully's foolish speculations, and he is after Jarvis hot-hot-foot. I'm sure I don't know what will come out of it but I came to tell you that I was wrong and you were right when you refused to have anything to do with Tully."

"But your husband had nothing to do with Tully," argued Dell, her face brightening. "Killick may have wronged him without Tully knowing anything about it."

"Yes, my dear, but Tully has wronged you, has lost your property; Killick can't be blamed for that."

"I don't know about that," answered Dell; "he may have been to blame for everything."

"But he wasn't, child," retorted Mrs. Flambert, uneasily. "Killick had no control over your estate. Surely, since I saw you, you have not changed in your estimation of Stephen Tully?"

"Yes, I have," answered Dell, boldly. "I am sure he is honest; I can't believe what you say!"

"You—you haven't promised to—you aren't engaged to him!" she asked confusedly. "It can't be that I have been the means of—of—of bringing you together!"

"Yes and no," answered Dell, steadily. "I will tell you all about it, but first of all, let me say—*I love him!* It is all over now, but I have found out in my own heart, and it is his. I believe in him and love him, and since you have told me what you have, I am sorry I wrote to him as I did."

When Dell had confided her troubles to Mrs. Flambert, that kind-hearted woman made her promise to abandon her Southern trip for a few days and stay with her.

"Get a cab and drive over to our house. Say nothing to your servants, and when Mrs. King comes home, we'll either fix things up or you can go on to New York and join your friends, as they don't start for a week. In the meantime you will know the truth about Tully and where you stand financially. After all, Dell, I'm glad you stick to him so bravely; everything may turn out all right, but I'm afraid it won't."

Dell promised to go to Mrs. Flambert's and had resumed the packing of her trunks, when Rev. Dr. Strong called to see her.

"I have been uneasy," said he, looking down into her sad face, "since I was here last. I may have given you advice in a general sort of way, that you may have applied in a particular case—particularly so as at heart I intended that it should influence you in your judgment of our mutual friend Tully. Mrs. Flambert advised me to do as I did. Like Adam I lay the sin on the shoulders of Eve. You see, child, I really feel it is necessary to confess, and in confessing I have to tell you how I cause you pain, lest you may resent the impertinence of my interference so strongly that you won't listen to what I have to say. I want to tell you as if I were your father. It is because I loved him, and he trusted me, that I have reproached myself lest, in my eagerness to shield the Flambers—and to please myself I confess—I may have helped to bring you to a wrong decision. I have heard such dreadful things of Tully in the last day or two, that he and his partner, Killick, are mixed up in the most outrageous frauds, in some of which even your money has been sacrificed and you——"

"Could you tell me a specific instance, Doctor? Rumors are so vague and unjust sometimes." She looked up at him so pitifully, the tears dimming those glorious eyes which were often so proud and unyielding.

"Ah, my poor little girl, I see that you are wounded. I was afraid when Mrs. Flambert told me just now you had engaged yourself to Tully, that you had done it simply to try and save him; but I see your heart went with your hand, my little one, and it will be a thankless task for me to be the harbinger of evil tidings, but I am anxious to save you from any heart aches which may come of a publicity which you, from a mistaken sense of loyalty, may seek to share with Tully—not 'seek to share'—but will have to share, if you strive to shield him."

"But the instance, Doctor, tell me what you have heard if you think I should know it," she insisted, her lips ceasing to tremble and taking on a firmer expression.

"Well, there is the case of Kahn with whom Killick was mixed up some time ago. I heard by accident that Teddy Grigsby went to Tully and engaged him to watch Theodore Kahn's brother, and instead of him taking active measures he and Killick arranged to give the Kahns an opportunity of secreting their goods and robbing Grigsby. As it happened, Teddy, who is a smart business man if he is such a slow, queer sort of a fellow otherwise, took vigorous measures himself and brought them to justice. Again, the firm has made an effort, a successful effort I am afraid, to break the Trust and Loan Co., whose bonds I am told you hold in very large amounts, and it is said they will share the profits of depressing the stock. Worse still, they have got poor Kingsville, the president of the company, into a fix where he will be absolutely ruined both financially and in reputation. They have swindled, or at least report says they have entrapped Col. Moore, and by secreting the will which was in their possession, made him give you a worthless mortgage, the entire sum out of which you were defrauded being returned to them as a price of their silence. If these things are true you will be rendered almost penniless, and there is no telling where Mrs. King's money may have gone. In a very short time the facts will be disclosed; meanwhile pray take my advice and refuse to see Mr. Tully."

"Would you think better of him, Doctor, if I told you that he had not concealed these things from me; that he had described all the transactions of which you have heard, and shown me that he was the dupe and tool of the conscienceless wretch with whom he has been in partnership? And I believed him, Doctor, every word he told me I believed was true." As she spoke she raised her head proudly, almost defiantly, as if determined to face the world and hold to faith and love.

"Yes, child, I can understand that he may have told you, but we must be worldly in this matter, must look at the motives which impelled him to the confession. The crisis has been coming and he must have known that he could conceal it from you but a little longer. Was it not the most natural thing in the world for him to prepare a way of retreat? Just think now, did he come to you and tell you these things in self-defence or to counsel with you after the first wrong had been perpetrated as to the course he should pursue in future? Wasn't it after all the evil had been done? Did he make any struggle after the discovery of the first mistake—if you are charitable enough to call it a mistake—to set himself right, or even to undo the wrong."

"It was not until a few days ago that I would permit him to speak to me; he had no opportunity to do as you say," answered Dell, quickly.

"But, my child, he might have written."

"Yes; but remember, Doctor, he only made the discovery of the web that had been woven about him a few days ago. Then he came and told me everything, and the disclosures which have since been made were caused by his determination to force Killick to restore as far as was in the firm's power, the wrongs they had done. I am sure, when everything is known, that what he told me will be found to be true."

"I hope so, I hope so, but I fear not," said the Doctor, slowly. "I fear not, my poor little friend; I fear not," and he sighed heavily and shook his head.

"But I don't fear. I know, as sure as I live," cried Dell, both her hands pressed tightly over her heart. "I am as sure as I am that there is a heaven that he told me the whole truth; that he was innocent of any intention to do wrong in the things of which you tell me. He made a bad mistake some time ago, before poor Mr. King died, which placed him in Killick's power; but as to defrauding his clients, or trying to rob me, or being in Killick's confidence even, in the wicked things that repulsive old man has been perpetrating, I am sure he will be proved innocent."

"Possibly, possibly, but you can afford to wait a few days," answered the Doctor, his voice sad and incredulous. "Don't be rash, run away out of the city on a visit until things take shape. Come now, you can do that without appearing unfaithful."

"But could I do it without *being* unfaithful? If he ever needed a friend he needs one now. If, when you told me I should reach down and try to raise the fallen, no matter who or where, you meant anything, you must believe that I have a duty now to him to help and strengthen him and prevent him from becoming reckless in his despair," retorted Dell, quickly.

"Yes, but my dear, it is unnecessary to sacrifice yourself."

"You told me the last time you were here that if one does right and trusts in God with a pure heart, evil cannot come. Can I trust in Him now and dare to do right?"

"But wait, wait my child, for a day or two. If he loves you he will be strong and make the fight as well without you as with you. He won't know that you have heard that everything has become public and can't be wounded by thinking you false to him."

"But I should be false to him, nevertheless, and to myself. I would go to him now, Doctor Strong this moment but the letter—the letter I sent him last night, it—it makes it impossible."

"In what way," asked the clergyman, with surprise.

"I was afraid he had asked me to marry him because he had lost my money and was anxious to do what he could do to save me from poverty and the consequences of his mistakes. I was afraid that it was his generosity rather than his love that prompted the offer. He told me of his trouble with that Miss Burnham, that she saved him once from the exposure of the mistake which got him into Killick's power, and that in a burst of gratitude, knowing that she cared for him, he promised to marry her. I was afraid he had done the same to me and would perhaps repent it as he did in the other case. I was oh, so unhappy, so utterly miserable, and I have been so self-deluded that I wrote to him that I would not see him again."

"I sympathize with you," answered the Doctor, his broad hand resting upon the plaits of her brown hair, "but it almost seems as if Providence had guided your pen. It will now be easier for you to evade him for a few days until your friends find out to what extent he is a partner in Killick's guilt."

"Doctor, I know I should look up to you for advice in this matter, yet I feel that I am doing wrong in not going to him and offering him my sympathy when he needs it so badly. I am also a coward, for I do not need to wait to have his truth proved. I believe in him absolutely. Since you tell me that he is in trouble, I can understand that his offer was not prompted by a desire to make atonement, but because he loved me."

"You are right, my little friend," replied the Doctor evasively; "you should look to me for advice at a time like this, and I advise you to wait."

"Only for a little while though, Doctor; only for a little while," asked Dell, pitifully, "it won't be for long, will it?"

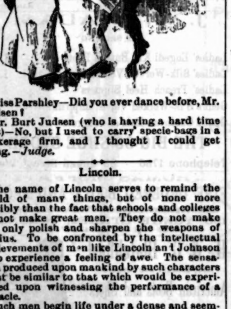
"No; only a day or two," answered the Doctor, cheerfully, "and I assure you it will be better for everyone concerned. It will relieve my conscience, and you will not be walking in the dark."

"I am going to Mrs. Flambert's. She was here this morning and asked me to stay with her a little while. She feels as you do. I suppose I would be very headstrong to refuse to listen to you."

And so it happened that Dell had left 25 Mowburn Street when Tully came to seek her.

(To be Continued.)

More Than He Could Take Care Of.



Miss Parshley—Did you ever dance before, Mr. Judsen?

Mr. Hurt Judsen (who is having a hard time of it)—No, but I used to carry specie-bags in a brokerage firm, and I thought I could get along.—*Judge.*

Lincoln.

The name of Lincoln serves to remind the world of many things, but of none more forcibly than the fact that schools and colleges do not make great men. They do not make but only polish and sharpen the weapons of genius. To be confronted by the intellectual achievements of men like Lincoln and Judsson is to experience a feeling of awe. The sensation produced upon mankind by such characters must be similar to that which would be experienced upon witnessing the performance of a miracle.

Such men begin life under a dense and seemingly paralyzing shadow. They are like a little tender shoot in the midst of a vast and entangled forest. A mere glimpse of sunlight is all they get through the jealous branches of deeply-rooted and towering trunks.

Wealth despises them for their poverty. Aristocracy scorns them for their humble birth. Families of established character and antecedents offer their sons for the high places with the assumption that they are born to rule. To them it seems preposterous that any but the well born and the classically trained should aspire to the leadership. The English nobility, abandoning the teachings of caste, bowed down to the genius of Cromwell, and the learned and the aristocratic of America sat at the feet of the untutored Lincoln.

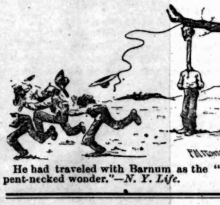
A well qualified observer was once heard to say he had known Andrew Johnson to speak for hours in lofty strains of forensic oratory, and in almost unexceptionable English. Yet that extraordinary man never went to school, learned to read after he had attained to manhood, and in all probability could not have analyzed one of the periods that thrilled and swayed his audience.

Why the Hemp Party Was a Failure.

A TALE OF THE WESTERN BORDER.

"No more hoss stealin' for you. Now, sonny, three minutes ter say yer prayers."

"Now, boys, all together!"



He had traveled with Barnum as the "Serpent-necked wonder."—*N. Y. Life.*

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I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills, in my family, for ten years. They are pleasant and safe to take, and agree with MY CHILDREN better than any medicine known to me. For sour stomach, fever, and bowel complaints, I consider Ayer's Pills unequalled.—Mrs. Helen H. French, Jackson, Mich.

I have used Ayer's Pills for over twenty years, and am never without them. As a family medicine they are unsurpassed.—Jefferson S. Tennis, New Hampshire, O.

I have used Ayer's Pills many years, in my practice and in my family, and have found them entirely satisfactory as a cathartic medicine.—George E. Waller, M. D., Martinsville, Va.

Ayer's Pills are made from the concentrated extracts and active remedial properties of purely vegetable substances. They are therefore more effective and safer than pills made by the ordinary process with powdered drugs. **I have used Ayer's Pills from childhood. They have been my family medicine for years, and never fail to give perfect satisfaction. —Mrs. C. E. Clark, Tewksbury, Mass.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are considered a household necessity to my customers, and always give perfect satisfaction. Our BEST PHYSICIANS invariably use them in their practice.—Calvin Tilton, Druggist, Allendale, Mo.

We have used Ayer's Sugar-Coated Pills many years, and think them very safe and excellent family aperient.—A. B. Foster, Children's Home, Westville, Conn.

For the past five years I was seldom free from the terrible pains of Neuralgia. At last I discovered a remedy in Ayer's Cathartic Pills, which not only afforded immediate relief, but have completely cured me.—Mrs. Lemuel N. Hunnewell, McConnelsburgh, Pa.

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They are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, and before offered to the public in present form were tested in the most severe cases, and submitted to the highest professional and medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now attest to their virtue, and stand need sufer from *Headaches* if they will use Hoffman's Powders. A trial will convince.

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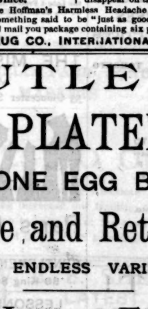

Sick Headache is terrible and can only be properly described by one who is subject to it. The head splitting pains, the rioting pains, the nausea, the heavy aching eyes are immediately relieved by Hoffman's Powders.

Headache, nervous or from fatigue of the body or mind, soon yields to the soothing principles of Hoffman's Powders.

Headache from over-eating, can be entirely and quickly dispelled by taking one of Hoffman's Powders. Keep the Powders always with you—they are neatly put up in portable form.

Alcoholic Headache.—This is a species of headache usually appearing in the morning and is generally encouraged and produced by the surroundings and associations of the night before. One Powder taken immediately on arising will correct the trouble, and as a slight tonic for the stomach will impart a better relish for breakfast.

Headache from Tobacco is a dull, heavy, nauseating and disgusting feeling that will quickly disappear on taking one of Hoffman's Powders.

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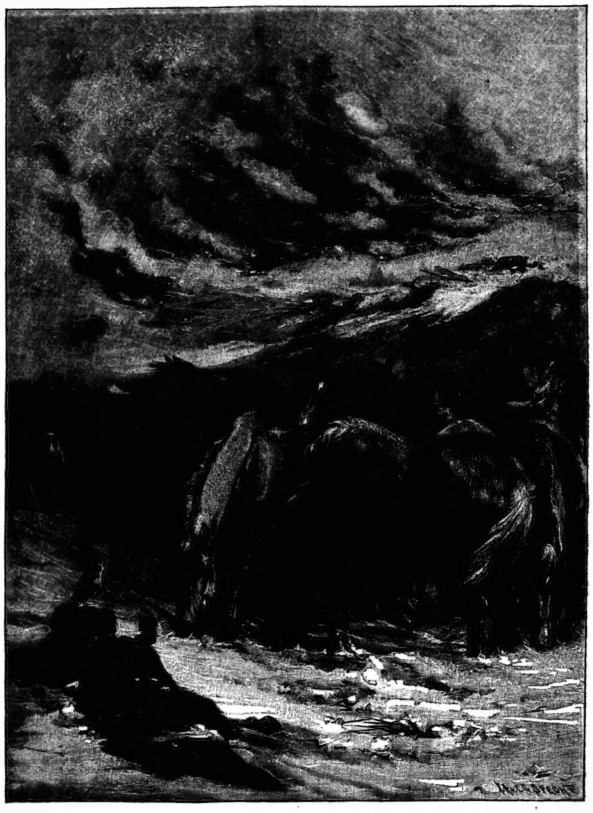

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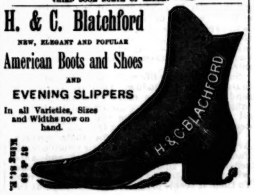

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Personal.

Mr. W. A. Michie, the handsome manager of the Detroit Cyclorama, was in town last week.

Mrs. O'Sullivan of Peterboro and her daughter Minnie have been visiting Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan, Elgin avenue.

At the People's Popular Concert to be held in the Pavilion on the evening of March 26, the following artists will appear: Mrs. Caldwell, Miss May McCormack, solo whistler; Miss Jessie Alexander, Messrs. F. Warrington, Herbert L. Clarke and W. E. Ramsey.

A pleasant evening was passed by those who accepted the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Huntoon, Maitland street, on Tuesday evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Miss Birnie, Miss Pease, Miss Port, Miss Harvey and Messrs. Simpson, Pease, Harvey Starr.

The Berlitz School of Languages, situated at 31 King street east, has proved a success in our city, as it is now a rendezvous for all who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of French and German.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

The last of the Montreal Carnival visitors have returned home. Miss Georgie Ross and Miss Kate Wilkes returned on March 2 and Miss Wilkes on March 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Creighton of Quebec are in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Digby.

Miss Scott of Port Hope is visiting Mrs. A. J. C. Galletly.

Mr. Allan Johnson and Miss E. Pauline Johnson left on Thursday for a month's visit to New York.

Miss Bertha Goodson has gone to Boston to visit her brother.

Miss Kate Phillips entertained a number of ladies at afternoon tea last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne gave a dinner party on Thursday evening last to a few of their friends.

The Woodstock Amateur Dramatic Company played the Mikado in the Stratford Opera House on Friday evening, March 1, under the patronage of the officers of the Dufferin Rifles. After the performance Lieut.-Col. Jones and officers held an informal reception in honor of the performers in their handsome rooms on Colborne street, to which a number of people were invited. Among those present were Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. Kirkland of Chatham, Mrs. Rice, Miss Morrison of Toronto, Mrs. Nelles, Miss Nita Nelles, Mrs. Nelles of Grimsby, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackader, Miss L. Christie, Miss Wade of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Miss Edith Harris, Miss Barr, Mr. E. L. and the Misses Goold, Mr. E. McCrae of Toronto, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mr. Bellhouse of Paris, Mrs. and Miss Byrne, Messrs. Lewis, Warwick, Hoskins, Johnson, Minty, H. Mackenzie, Daniel Bown, F. D. and R. Roville, and others.

BARRIE.

The concert in the town hall on Tuesday, March 5, given by the ladies for the Citizens' Band was one of the best entertainments of the season.

Mr. Charles Temple of Toronto recently spent a few days in town.

Lieut. Hugh Kortright left for Kingston last Saturday.

Miss Hall of Hamilton is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Geo. Lount has returned from Florida.

Mr. Coffee has been removed to the Bank of Toronto here.

Porcelain Dental Art.

The application of porcelain as a means to restore decayed and defective teeth to their original color and natural appearance has been brought to a remarkable degree of perfection by Dr. C. H. Laud of Detroit, Michigan, who has become world renowned for his many inventions in dental appliances. Formerly he was a student of Dr. J. B. Meacham of Brantford, Ontario, who at present is the proprietor of the Arcade drug store of this city; also a former associate of Dr. H. Hipkins of this city. The latter having heard of the great success achieved by Dr. Laud, has made several visits to Detroit for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the methods and practicability of the work. And after the most careful examinations of operations that have stood the test for four and five years and not showing any appreciable giving out, he concluded to purchase the necessary appliances and thus have the honor of being the first to introduce this new and valuable art to the citizens of Toronto.

The porcelain process of restoring teeth consists first in fitting a thin metal jacket over a decayed tooth. Then, after all the decay has been removed, the jacket is then carefully removed, and a coat of white enamel burned on the surface. Various shades of metallic coloring material, such as are used in decorating china, enables the dentist to imitate the color of the natural teeth so perfectly that art is concealed. Thus defective teeth are made to appear as nature designed them, and assume that pearly whiteness which is the pride of true refinement, and at once does away with the usual glaring specimens of glittering gold fillings, that make the mouth conspicuous for its defective dental organs—a sort of perambulating sign-board, declaring how little has been done to practice the higher art by concealing the defects.

However in Dr. Laud's process, all classes of decayed teeth are made to assume their original appearance, both in color, size and shape; even old roots can have artificial crowns attached to them. Irregular and discolored teeth may be corrected and made to appear perfect, and not the least important feature of the process is that the operations are painless, and accomplished without fatigue either to the dentist or his patient.

Dr. Hipkins has secured additional improvements to those he imported last year, and deserves the rewards that will be sure to follow the introduction of such valuable improvements.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CRINGAN—On February 28, at Toronto, Mrs Alex. T. Cringan—a daughter.

GIBSON—On February 23, at Vancouver, B. C., Mrs. F. J. P. Gibson—a son.

LYONS—On March 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Lyons—a son.

MAGNER—On March 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Geo. P. Magner—a son.

DAVIS—On March 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Davis—twins, boys.

GOODERHAM—On March 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham—a son.

JOHNSON—On March 7, at Toronto, Mrs. F. J. Johnson—a daughter.

ROSS—On March 2, at Uxbridge, Mrs. Robert Ross—a daughter.

JARVIS—On February 26, at Chatham, Mrs. F. S. Jarvis—a son.

BROWNE—On March 7, at Montreal, Mrs. Stewart Browne—a son.

EDMONDS—On March 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles E. Edmonds—a daughter, still-born.

COSSITT—On March 12, at Brockville, Mrs. Tremont B. Cossitt—a daughter.

LAMONT—On March 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Malcolm Lamont—a daughter.

DOUGLAS—On March 10, at Eglinton, Mrs. Samuel J. Douglas—a daughter.

BEADLEY—On March 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert Bradley—a daughter.

Marriages.

CAMPBELL—WRIGHT—On December 20, Mervyn A. Campbell to Miss Ada Wright, both of Toronto.

SMALLWOOD—CHAUNCEY—On February 27, at Montreal, Frederick Smallwood to Elizabeth E. Chauncey of Toronto.

BROWNE—GRAHAM—On March 7, at Scugog, John C. Browne of Port Perry to Elizabeth Graham.

GODFREY—LEE—On March 5, at Toronto, Alexander Godfrey of Vancouver, to Hattie E. Lee.

WALKINGTON—CAMERON—On March 6, at Vaughan, William Walkington to Elizabeth Cameron.

ALEXANDER—McLURE—On March 6, at Toronto, William Alexander of Chinguacousy, to Hannah McLure.

BARBER—GOR-ON—On March 6, at Georgetown, Fred W. Barber to Tena Gordon.

FRASER—RAMSAY—On March 7, at Toronto, Alexander Fraser to Christina Elizabeth Frances Ramsay.

KING—NUNN—On March 6, at Toronto, William G. King to Fannie E. Nunn of Ottawa.

Deaths.

DALLAS—On March 10, at Parkdale, Mrs. Henry L. Dallas, aged 33 years.

DEATRE—At Grafton, Mrs. E. Deatre, aged 74 years.

GRAY—At Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Gray, aged 97 years.

McNAUGHTON—On March 10, near Maple, Mrs. Agnes E. McNaughton of Vaughan.

OLDHAM—On March 12, at Toronto, the infant daughter of Samuel and Margaret Oldham, aged 1 year.

PATRICK—On March 10, at Toronto, Lizzie Harvey Paxton Patrick, aged 10 years.

TURNER—On February 23, at London, Eng., Mrs. E. Malcolm Turner, sister of Rev. R. C. Cassidy, Toronto.

WEBSTER—On March 1, at London, Wm. H. Webster, aged 33 years.

DAVIS—On March 12, at Hamilton, Jonathan Davis.

McKENNA—On March 12, at Toronto, Patrick McKenna, aged 55 years.

CAMERON—On March 7, at Cataract, Township of Caledon, David Cameron, aged 20 years.

JARVIS—On March 12, at Chatham, Mrs. Frederick Starr Jarvis, aged 38 years.

JESSIMANE—On March 10, at Toronto, Mary Jessimane, aged 57 years.

KILLALY—On March 10, at Cannington, Hamilton Hartley Killaly, aged 4 years.

DENISON—On March 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Susan Maria Denison.

TRIMBLE—On March 10, at Toronto, George Trimble, aged 45 years.

MacDERMOTT—On March 8, at Goderich, Henry MacDermott, Esq., Master-in-Chancery.

RUTLEDGE—On February 26, at Bayfield, Andrew Rutledge, aged 70 years.

BEATTY—On February 27, at Youngstown, Ohio, Mrs. Margaret Beatty.

LAUDER—On March 3, at Toronto, Robert Lauder, aged 31 years.

HUBERTUS—On March 3, at Toronto, Henry J. Hubertus.

WHEELER—On February 26, at Collingwood, Ontario, Capt. Edward Oliver Wheeler, aged 75 years.

HAMBLIN—On March 7, at Toronto, John Arthur Hamblin, aged 10 years.

ANDERSON—On March 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Isaac Anderson.

DAVIES—On March 7, at Toronto, Garnet Vivian Davies, aged 4 years.

GRIFFITH—On March 7, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. B. Griffith.

HOLLIDAY—On March 7, at Brooklin, Ont., Thomas J. Holliday, aged 30 years.

JOHNSTON—On March 8, at Toronto, Wm. Johnston, aged 55 years.

KNOBLOCH—On March 7, at Toronto, Paul Knobloch, aged 46 years.

THOMPSON—On March 7, Christopher Thompson, aged 22 years.

WADDELL—On February 28, at Denver, Robert N. Waddell, aged 76 years.

LAIDLAW—On March 12, at Oakville, Mrs. W. L. Laidlaw, aged 54 years.

RAPELJE—On March 9, at Vittoria, P. W. Rapelje, aged 88 years.

SOMERS—On March 12, at Toronto, Mrs. John Somers.

TURNER—On March 12, at Toronto, Eleanor Ada Turner, aged 16 years.

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HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

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MISS MAY McCORMACK ..... Solo Whistler
MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER ..... Elocutionist
MR. F. WARRINGTON ..... Baritone
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE ..... Cornet Soloist
W. E. RAMSEY ..... Humorist Vocalist

Professional Orchestra of 15 Instruments

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MR. F. WARRINGTON ..... Musical Director
MR. J. M. DEPEW ..... Secretary of Committee

Concert at Eight o'Clock

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STAINED GLASS.—Our last season's work in this beautiful art showed a complete appreciation of the capabilities of all the new forms in which glass is now made. We will introduce some very novel effects during the year in the use of opalescent glasses for domestic work.

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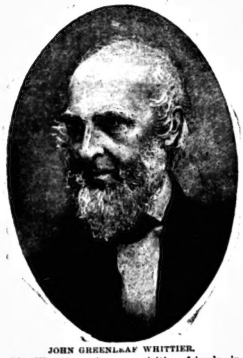
Whittier and Holmes.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Mr. Whittier, who was visiting friends in Boston last week, wears his old age easily, and of late years seems less averse to mixing in general society than he formerly was. I suppose, says a writer in the Boston *Post*, that his summer solitude among the mountains and the quiet life which he leads at Oak Knoll, his home in Danvers, make the change to the city welcome by way of variety. Though not fond of society in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, he has large social likings and takes a deep interest in social progress. In large companies he does not appear at his best, because he is not accustomed to the conventions of society and has not the faculty of passing lightly from one topic to another after the manner of our brilliant conversational butterflies. He is more or less absorbed in the serious thoughts to which he gives utterance in his poems, and his finest fancies cannot take fleeting form which would adapt them for the requirements of the drawing-room. In these respects he is unlike the great Scotch poet, whom he resembles in his love of nature and attachment to its humblest object. I have often thought that it would have been well for Burns had he possessed the reserved strength of character which belongs to Whittier, which would have saved him from yielding to the temptations which luxurious Edinburgh society offered to his susceptible nature.

For a man of his age Mr. Whittier enjoys good health, and with him scrupulous attention to hygienic laws has been the means of his attaining an exceptional longevity for a poet. He will be eighty-one years old this month, being nearly two years older than Dr. Holmes. It does not seem to me that Mr. Whittier has shown of late years the cumulative evidence of old age which might be expected; he has held his own, so to speak, with remarkable tenacity, and the same may be said of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," who, barring a slight deafness, is as well preserved as most men ten years his junior. I have sometimes thought that deafness was not an altogether undesirable acquisition for a man like Dr. Holmes, who is pestered with all sorts of talk, and as he is not reduced to the necessity of using an ear-trumpet, he can the more easily "turn a deaf ear" to unwelcome visitors. It is not what people say to such a man, but what he says to them, which measures the extent of his usefulness, and as long as his tongue and pen flash forth wise thoughts and brilliant fancies the fact that he cannot hear so easily as form erly the voice of admiration and compliment is not so serious a drawback as it appears at first sight. At his time of life the mind naturally dwells more upon inward than outward satisfactions, and with his wealth of pleasant memories he can never be at a loss for contemplative enjoyment.

As between Whittier and Holmes it is noticeable that the former has not colored his later poetry with the pensive tinge which marks the more recent verse of his brilliant contemporary. Though the fire which glowed in the passionate appeals for the slaves is not seen in the placid poems for which the author of Snow Bound smooths his declining years, there are no indications of old age in their tone. I take it that the life of nature which Whittier has lived has left him untouched by the pleasing melancholy which is apt to color the poetry of men who, like Holmes, have been impressed by the changes of artificial society.

The Shears are Grinding.

The following paragraphs from the pen of a New York writer doubtless contain more truth than poetry and should be carefully considered by Canadians who intend to run across to see the show during the coming summer.

I am afraid the American visitors to Paris during the Exposition must expect to be unmercifully fleeced. From what the hotel proprietors have already done in announcing a general increase in their charges, it may be expected that all other lines of business will do also. The railroad companies, the *fiacres*, the theatres, the restaurants, and, in fact, shopkeepers generally have determined upon a wholesale pillage, and it may be expected that a general increase of at least 40 to 50 per cent. will be made upon the price of everything that is sold in Paris during the exhibition months. I do not think that this large increase is directed entirely against Americans, for, in spite of all that is said about the lavish manner in which Americans live in Paris, it is an open fact that they do not spend one-tenth of the money that either the Russians or the English do. It is true the English and the Russians get more substantial value for their money, simply because they are probably better acquainted with the customs of the country, and more familiar with the inside haunts of Paris. The American is lavish, in some cases, only through ignorance; but as soon as he begins to find his way about and knows the value of money, and what he ought to get for it, he ceases to be as liberal as visitors from other nations.

Talking of the Paris Exposition, several of the agents of the steamship companies running out of New York tell me they have already scarcely a berth left on their crack steamers for the months of May, June and July, and that they fully expect the exodus from this country to Europe will be larger than ever before in the memory of man. The great problem now is how are they going to take care of the people; for if one-half those expected to cross the water really make up their minds to do so, there is certainly not accommodation enough floating between here and Liverpool and other European ports to carry them. Those who do go, must make up their minds to a terrific amount of crowding, discomfort and extortion, while those who struggle as far as Paris, and have not secured accommodations in advance, must be prepared to rough it and to pay heavily for every little thing they get. I understand that several American families who are anxious to see a good deal of Paris have decided to take houses in the vicinity; one well known New York gentleman having hired a beautiful residence as far away from Paris as Amiens.

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Manager—How many characters do you say there are in your play?

Author—I didn't say there were any. This is a French society drama.

Too Confident.

Judge—You are charged with stealing chickens.

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Judge—Ten dollars and thirty days.

Uncle Alek—What's dat, boss? What kind o' laws you got? When a feller turn State's ebidence, don't you lef him go free? Nebber turn State's ebidence as long as I lib. Now, you mine dat!

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